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CONTEMPLATIO
Mortis,
&
Immortalitatis.

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CONTEMPLATIO
MORTIS,
ET
IMMORTALITATIS.

PHILOSOPHERS,
STATESMEN, and
DIVINES doe all
hold, that in this
world there are but
tris genera vite; una est ACTIVA,
altera CONTEMPLATIVA,
tertia VOLUPTUARIA.

Which of these is best, *Queritur.*
Actio Contemplationis *expens,* is
vita impolita; Contemplation, if it
take up all a mans time, makes *vi-*
tam sterilem.

Voluptuaria vita, though it bee
not *otiosa,* because it is in *actu,* yet it
is but *desidiosa occupatio.*

Amongst these, who so tries all;
as I have done, shall find, that action

profits most, but Contemplation pleases best: specially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *generationem longam, fruitionem breuem*, are so much in thinking, as they seldome come to enjoying; alwayes in conceit, never in act.

When Christ was to suffer, *misit Christus Petrum ac Iohannem ad parandum Pascha. Petrus bonam actionem, Iohannes devotam significat Contemplationem.*

Man was not made for contemplation onely, his part is to doe as well as understand: In earthly things to be an actor, of heavenly things to be a Spectator. Therefore his felicitie consists neither in rest nor action, but in a fit mixture of both

Some use Contemplation for a Remedie, it seeming to make their minds ascend, when their fortunes descend.

The Counsellor saith, A Statesman should be thus repartited; his will to God, his love to his master,

his heart to his Countrey, his secret to his friend, his time to businesse.

It is true, retirednesse is more safe than businesse ; *Perichlitatur enim animus in negotiis.* And yet the lesse you doe, the more you suffer. But as he is not happie that is alwayes busie ; So a publike man should not alwayes bee shut up in thoughts pleasing his life in the sweetnesse of thinking. Finely saith S. *Augustine, Lectio sine meditatione Arida est, Meditatio sine lectione erronea est, oratio sine meditatione Tepida est.*

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To bee alwayes, or never alone, is idlenesse. But

The delight of thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation lyes in the right choyce of a good subject to contemplate : For every knowing man is so inquisitive by nature, and of so busie a fancie, as in this it is happie for him to fall upon that subject which is fittest for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and some late Writers have fixed upon the

love of God ; Some upon the passion of Christ ; Some upon the joyes of heaven ; some upon contempt of the world ; severall others upon divers other subjects ; All opining, that some one is to bee chosen. For who so will *vivere sibi*, must *vacare Deo*. And a wise man saith, *Sapientia scribenda est in Tempore otii ; Qui minoratur actu, Hec* cannot tend it.

Ego in meo solito recessu à negotiis publicis vacans, (which was but seldom) found it fruitfull, usefull, and delightfull,

Cogitare de Novissimo.

Quatuor sunt Novissima, say the Fathers ; Heaven and Hell, Death and Judgement.

All subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much employment, so many offices, so long practice in severall professions, (as every publike man is owing his abilities, cares and yeares to the

the service of his master.) I now thought it time to seize on death before it seized on mee.

After long Meditation this I found, that when Meditation had begotten devotion, then it applied it selfe to contemplation, which required a settlement upon some Divine Object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of Immortality? what so necessarie as the thought of death? Herein therefore I complied with my owne desires, and made choyce of Death and Immortality for the subject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I saw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evill; but Divines doe well dedicate Contemplation to holy Mysteries only.

We meditate to know God, wee contemplate to love God: when God himselfe had seene the things created in severall peeces, hee said, They were good:

But when hee considered the

A 4 universe,

univerſe, as it were in Contem-
 plation; then he ſaid, Loe, they were
 exceeding good. For Meditati-
 on conſiders her objeſts peece by
 peece, but Contemplation ſummes
 them all together, and ſees, as in a
 groſſe, all the ſeverall beauties of
 Meditations Objets.

Meditation is with a man, as he
 that ſmells the Violet, the Roſe,
 the Jeſſamie, and the Orange flow-
 ers dividually. (My Meditations of
 the Lord are ſweet of themſelves,
 ſith *David*) but Contemplation is
 a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted
 in the *Canticles*, where the Sponſe
 plaites up her haire, truſſing it up in
 one knot, to ſhew that we ſhould
 not diſſaſe our thoughts into va-
 riety of conſiderations, but recol-
 lect them into one by Contempla-
 tion. Herewith a mans ſoule being
 once affected, hardly ſhall hee ob-
 taine leave of his thoughts to re-
 turne againe to imployments.

*Et ne ego multis occupatus, mihi met
 ipſi mane em incognitus :* (for the
 old

old word is a true one) *nil profunt
lecta nec intellecta, nisi :eipsum legas
& intelligas.*

I therefore applyed my selfe ad
meum Novissimum, What man liveth,
and shall not see death? And if after
death, *Iustus vix salvabitur*, we may
well bee fearfull, and had need bee
carefull that wee bee not taken un-
prepared.

Ite imparati in paratium,

Will one day bee a dolefull say-
ing.

When I was a young man, saith
Seneca, my care was to live well, I
then practised *Artem bene vivendi*.
When age came upon mee, I then
studied *Artem bene moriendi*; how
to dye well.

It is true, *Iter vite occupatis non
apparet nisi in fine*. Yet when I was
occupatissimus, *hoc me dulci oblecta-
lum solatio*, *aliquando me victurum*
nibi; hoping to have sweet leisure
to enjoy my selfe at last.

And this I am now come to.

Disponendi non mutandi me.

The covenant of the grave is shewed to no man, saith the Wiseman, but the watch-word is given to all men.

Sin lumbi praeincti,

Lucernae ardentes,

Semper vigilantes.

Lord, let me be found in this posture, when I shall be to die.

In the courses of my life I have had interchanges; the world it selfe stands upon vicissitudes: *Adversis & Prosperis contextuit Deus vitam meam*: When I first tooke me to a gowne, I put on this thought, *fortunam ut togam appeto, non longam sed concinnam*, Fit for my condicion; finding by others, that a contented kinde of obscurity kept a man free from envie: although any kinde of superiority be a marke of Envie; yet not to be so high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor so low as to be trodden on, was the height of my ambition. But I must confesse I have since had a greater portion of the worlds

worlds favour, than I looked for:
Attamen ego nunquam fortune credi-
di, etiamsi videretur pacem agere.

To check repining at those a-
 bove me, I alwayes looked at those
 below mee; Nor did any prefer-
 ments so delight me, or abuse mee,
 as to make mee neglect preparing
 for my dying day.

And now, I thanke God, I can
 say,

Domine, paratum est cor meum.

This I have considered, That,
Guttatim per boras & dies fluit vita:
 And although the houre bee not
 past till all the glasse be runne,

Et nemo multum ex Stillicidio po-
test perdere;

Yet the glasse then runnes most
 faintly, when it drawes nearest to
 effluxion. Carefull *Martha* was full
 busie about many things, but was
 well advised; There was only *unum*
necessarium:

One thing have I desired of the Lord,
 that I may dwell in his house for ever.

This

This was *Davidis unum*, and,
God willing, shall be mine.

Physicians exclaime, *Vita brevis,
Ars longa*: But Divines teach, *Ars
optima est, vivendo discere artem bene
moriendi.*

If this be to be begun when *pre
foribus mors est*, Then the Sin-sicke
Soule will say, *Infelix ego homo, quis
me liberabit à corpore mortis huius!*
But if thou hast learned it betimes,
it will then rejoyce to say,

*Mibi vivere Christus est, & mori
lucrum:*

Welcome death more blessed
than my birth.

I have ever thought the right
way to dye well, was, to live well:
And the way to live well in the
world, was to dye betimes to the
world.

*Mibi Mundus Crucifixus, & ego
Mundo*, yet I found it *Rem difficilem
in mundo vivere, & mundi bona con-
temnere.* Therefore for assistance I
tooke to mee these three Coadju-
tors, Faith, Hope, Charity; *Carita-
tem*

tem ex Corde puro, Spem ex conscientia bona, Fidem non fictam: And for my soules health often used this preparative,

Examen Conscientia mea.

Nam quicumque cordi habet salutem suam, let him every day, *Matè & vespère*, examine his heart, *quid, nocte vel die precedente*, Hath hee thought, Hath hee said, Hath hee done, *Et in quo peccati labem intenerit*, let him mend it, *cum proposito efficacis simili non peccare.*

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly say, *Vix fieri poterit ut quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur.*


Inter these thoughts, I had these things in Contemplation.

1. First, what Death was, and the kindes of Death.

2. Secondly, what feares or joyes Death brings.

3. Thirdly, when Death is to bee prepared for, and how.

4. Fourthly.



THAT DEATH was but a fall which came by a fall. Our first framed father *Adam* falling, in him we all fell. It was not the man, but mankind. *Cecidimus omnes*, saith Saint Bernard, *super acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati sumus*. Therefore wee needed water in Baptisme to wash us, Blood in the Eucharist to heale us, water of Regeneration in blood of expiation. Natures perfection caught a fall when shee was young, as *Mephibosheth* did, whereof shee hath halted ever since.

Нес

Hec tristis & lacrymosa mutatio !

Notwithstanding, as wee now stand, the fault is ours, if that fall be not our rise; The advantage we have by *Christ* being more than the losse we had by *Adam*: Redemption imports emption, and a buying backe of that which wee had lost. Wherefore, Man that had cause to sorrow that he was man, may now be holily proud of his condition: and as he is in *Christ*, not to change the Man for the Angell.

Proud Nature would faine reaspire to that it was. *Ideo qui stat, videat se cadat.* For relapse may turn us againe to be as Birds and Beasts, who have no joy but being, no sorrow but dying. Mans better being is by dying; for when man had made himselfe miserable by sinning, Mercy made us mortall; *Ne in aeternum essemus miseri.* Therefore wee have reason to account Mercy; as it releeves misery, to be the best vertue, though it worke upon the worst object.

Miseri

Misericordia vicina est miseria.

There is mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou mayest bee feared, saith the Prophet *David*.



What Death is.

TO dye is to bee no more unhappie. If we consider Death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, inlivened at first by breath cast upon it. Mors Tinea est, saith Job; ex veste oritur Tinea, ex corpore mors.*

It is but a point of time, interjected betwixt two extremes; A parenthesis, which interposed breaks no sense, when the words meet againe. When *Seneca* was asked, *Quid est mors?* he answered, *Aut finis est, aut transitus*, To dye or to live is not power, but impotencie. The Emperour *Adrian* was told, *Mors est aternus somnus, divitum pavor,*

*vor, pauperum desiderium. Plato said it was, lex naturæ, tributum mortali-
um. One term s it to be but the ces-
sation of the Soules functions. O,
saith Saint Augustine, that I could see
Death, not as it was, but as thou,
Lord, hast now made it ! As it hath
the dominion of sin, it is the grea-
test Monarch, and the ancientest
King of the world. Death hath reig-
ned from Adam to Moses, saith Saint
Paul, yet at last this King shall bee
conquered, The last enemy to be de-
stroyed, is Death. O Death, I will bee
thy death, saith Christ.*



The nature of Death.

WHat is the nature of it, few
know, though all shall feele
it. But that must needs be nothing
that hath no cause efficient, but de-
ficient : *Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque
mors nihil.* It hath no essence, it is
no substance ; but privation ; no
creature.

creature, but *creaturarum sepultura*. Therefore curiously to search the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to see darknesse. God made it not, saith the Booke of *Wisdom*, nor is it mentioned as any of his workes. God that made all things, saw that all things which hee had made were good. *Omne ens bonum, & omne bonum est ens*. Therefore good Saint *Augustine* said finely, Lord, thou hast not made Death; wherefore, I beseech thee, suffer not that which thou hast not made, to reigne over that which thou hast made. Yet it is no errour to say, that man made death, for Curiositie (the itch of mans soule) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evill of death) thinking it had bin good to know evill, by desiring to know it, made it. *Malum non dignoscitur nisi per bonum*.

Hee that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that hee knew enough. But so divine a thing is knowledge, (which is not given to keepe, but to impart) t^hat we see
Inno-

Innocencie it selfe was ambitious of it.

Life did not content (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the soule looked at. And that as yet begets a studious scrutiny to discover things we can never know. By which wee see, that although Nature her selfe be moderate in her desires, yet conceit is unfixable, mans braine will never leave working till his pulse ceases beating : neverthelesse no man knowes so much but it is through ignorance that he doth so ill ; *nam nemo sciens malus*, and as one saith well, there is now no feare of knowing too much, but there is much feare of practising too little, man is the son of desires. But since God hath revealed more than we can know, enough to make us happy, let us learne sober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the naturall mans God ; but know thy selfe, O man, and then be proud if thou canst.

The



The Author of Death.

WHo then was the Author of Death? *Sol in cælo, Sol in terra*: the two great regents, one in Heaven, the other on earth, yet neither of these produced it: who ever was the Father of it, Sin was the mother; for saith Saint *James*, *Sinne being finished*, travaileth in child-birth, like a mother, to bring forth *Death*, our grand mother *Eva* so named as mother of the living, yet was brought to bed of Death. *Adam* falling, *Sinne* followes him. Man being tempted, *Death* attempts him, and by *Sinne* *Death* enters. Every father is an *Adam* to his childe, convelghing corruption in his generation.

Good Saint *Augustine* puts the Devill this question, *Satan, quare invidisti homini stanti, te cadente?* *Death* had no interest in man till sinne had dispossessed him of the free-hold he had in God, *There was*

no trust in Gods servants, saith Eliphaz, but even Angels were charged with folly.

Therefore doe the Devill right, he did but perswade, not compell : it was in mans choyce to stand or fall.

Adam acceperat posse quod vellet, non velle quod posset. Nos accepimus & posse quod volumus, & velle quod possumus ; Ille posse non mori, nos non posse mori. Sic Augustinus.

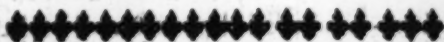
Power of standing, man had from God, but possibility of falling from himselfe. Therefore, though wee may thanke our first parents for our birth, sin ; yet we may thanke our selves for improving it. Wherefore the old Letanie said well, *A me salva me, Domine.*

All mans vertues were given him but in trust, and under a condition ; he abused the trust, and brake the condition, so incurred the penalty. Such is mans nature, ever subject to extremity, either dull in want, or wancon in fruition. *Ne moriemini* was a faire warning, but he

he cared not for it. With men counsels are like faces, that which is faire, pleases. But had the minde governed the eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was faire to looke to. The proud aspiring thought was hatcht in man. The Devill was the promooter, Sin was the author, and we being partners in the sin, shared in the punishment. *Facinus, quos inquinat, equat.*

Sith then Death by sin stole in at the window; (for the eye, that sense of love, alwayes recoyles upon the heart, when it beholds that which is pleasing) or rather at the eare, which is apt to listen to ill counsel;

Let us cast out sin by the eares, the sense of faith, in harkening to Gods Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.



The names of Death.

FOR the name of Death, Saint Iohn calls it a sleepe: *Amicus noster Lazarus dormit.* Of S. Stephen

it

it was said, *When he had thus spoken* he slept. The Patriarkes and Kings of Judah are said to *sleepe with their Fathers.* Man, saith Job, *lyeth downe and riseth not.* He shall not be awaked out of his sleepe till the heavens be no more. *Transitum ad vitam aliqui appellant mortem,* saith S. Bernard. *Sed ideo Scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilantes minime desperemus:* He is not dead, saith David, *but sleepeth, whose flesh doth rest in hope.*

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint Pauls mystery is, *We shall not all sleepe, but wee shall all be changed.* The night favours of mortallitie, and sleepe, that *Mors brevis,* is but the shadow of death; and where the shadow is, the body cannot be farre off: *Umbra fugit sequentem, sequitur fugientem. Acquiratur terra procumbentibus.*

Well said Saint Augustine, *In vita vigilans iusti, ideo in morte dicuntur dormire.*

When God made a helper unto man, he sent a sleep upon him. *Som-*
nium

nium agrotantium, ut novimus salutis est indicium. It is Christs saying, If he sleepe he shall doe well.

But let it be *Mors à morsu* which our first parents tasted, or *Mors à mora*, which yet carries for us all, let her be stiled Lady, Mistresse of the world, that will not be courted, nor yet cast off: Yet is shee but *vox tantum*, a thing next to nothing, *solo timenda sono*.

Better is it called a transfiguration, or transmigration, from life by death to life againe: *Exitus, non Transitus; Transitus quem ire non intelleximus, transisse sentimus*.

The Grave is but a with-drawing roome to retire in for a while, a going to bed to take rest sweeter than sleepe. And when it is time to rise, *Cum expurgiscar*, Then shall I be satisfied, saith the Prophet David.



Death common to all.

IN the meane time it is common to all. *Mors etiam saxis nominibusque*

busque venit. All men must pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their creditours: and it is a favour afforded by Nature, *Quod gravissimum fecit, fecit committat; ut crudelitatem fati consolaretur equalitas.* Who lives, and shall not see death? only vertue stands exempt from death.

The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead. Nay, even Christ himselfe, being found in fashion as a man, humbled himselfe, and became obedient to death. It is as naturall to dye, as to be borne; yet when we say a man dyes naturally, wee speake improperly; for a man dyes not as a beast, *per annihilationem Naturæ*, but *per statutum*; not by chance, course of nature, nor influence of Stars, but then and therefore because it is so appointed: *Statutum est omnibus semel mori*: Disease and Death know no faces. In the Grave all looke alike, Lazarus sores will make as good dust as *Jesabels* paint. It is the municipall Law of the earth, to die once; of Heaven, to live ever; of Hell, to dye forever. *Orimur, Mo-*

rimur : Like *Jonas* Gourd, we come in a night, and are gone in a night : Wee come into the world with a sheet about us, no sooner borne, but going to be buried. *Seneca* sayes truly, we are borne crying, we live laughing, and dye sighing.

For all this man is even with Death. *Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis clara in corpore mora est* : The good soule ege fers bar angustias. Therefore what great thing doth death in hastening dayes ? This shews infirmity, rather than power. Age doth more ; *Ni enim non longa demolitur vetustas* ; Death only shortens time, not life : for lifes time shortens by lengthening. *Morimur, quod mortibus vivimus : morieris, non quis egrotas, sed quis vivis.*

But this all men are to know,

That *Mortis meritum* is *Peccati debitum* ; both imposed on man for sinne.



Life but a dying Death.

Such then it is a statute made in Heaven, *Omnibus semel mori*, and that life is so momentany, death so certaine; *Splendemus licet, Hec quàm cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!* Man, saith the Prophet *Jeremie*, fades like a leafe, and sinne like a wind takes him away. Be the time of mans reprieve never so long, dye he must. And since life it selfe is no true living, but a dying being, and such a being as every day pants for breath, which Nature fans upon it for a while: And since death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heavens comming unto us, *abitus non obitus*: How can a man but thinke it a well-spent life, alwayes to bee meditating upon Death?

But, saith *Xenophon*, *Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & habes?* I will not enquire, nor require more of Death but Death. *Error enim qui*

interrogas, *Quid sit mors, & propter quod mortem petam? Queris enim aliquid supra summum.*

This I am sure of, All mans happinesse here is his holinesse, and his holinesse shall hereafter be his happinesse.

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### Life after Death.

**B**Ut if a man dye, shall he live againe? yes, saith Saint Paul, *We that are in this Tabernacle, sigh, and are burthened, because we would not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortalitie might be swallowed up of life.*

*Phoenix sponte crematur,*

*Us redeat, proprioque solet pubescere  
letho.*

*Sic tu corpus coactum.*

*Discere, mutata melior procede figura.*

The brightest dayes dye into darke nights, but rise againe a mornings:

nings: Though the body sleepe a while in dust, yet shall it rise againe after thy likenesse. As for me, saith David, I will behold thy face in righteousness, and I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likenesse. And thus saith holy Job, Though my flesh be all consumed to bones, yet thy Spirit blowing on dead bones, can revive them, and couple them againe with sinewes, and clothe them with flesh. The soule which departed for a season, shall, as S. Paul said of Onesimus, Come againe, and be receiued for ever. The graine cast into the earth, after a frost-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which was some a naturall bodie, shall rise a spirituall. Sow in teares, reape in joy. Who so goeth forth weeping, carrying precious seed, shall returne with joy, and bring their sheaves with them.

Thus we see God will bee in no mans debt: Seeke God, and prosper.

Yet for all this, *Caro ista pulueris*, this clod of earth must lye a while in dust, *Sed resurget tandem*, as a *Queenes daughter*, all glorious within.

For if in this life holinesse maketh the face of a man to shine, by an irradiation from the heart, what shall bee the beauty of the body glorified! surely though it bee not deified, yet shall it bee purified, perfected, and immortalized; *Our vile bodies shall bee changed, and fashioned like his glorious body. Such Glory have all his Saints.*

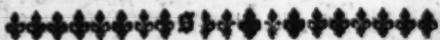
If then the change be such, who would not be willing, yea, glad to dye? *All the dayes of mine appointed time, saith Job, I will watch till my changing shall come.*

*Nil minus est hominis occupati quam vivere; Quos autem felicitas gravat, exclamant illi, Mihi vivere non licet.* It is a good minde in a man, to be content to dye, and willing to live: But to be willing to dye, and content to live, is the minde of a strong Christian.

*Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus:*

*Ipse metus et noster amat.*

Death



*Death desirable for three respects.*

**C***Hristus non ignarus vel quam misera esset hac vita, vel quam optabilis preciosa mors, vitam fastidiebat, mortem vero exoptabat. When the Senator Cato was asked a question concerning death, Si Deus (inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut repuerassem, valde recussem: nec tamen me vixisse poenitet, quia bene vixi; nec timeo mori, quia ex hospitio, non domo, discedam.*

Could we as innocently wish our owne death, as the Saints doe the day of Judgement, we might safely desire it (for who can blame the desire of advantage?) But ill circumstances vitiate our desires, collaterall respects to our owne ease, as to be rid of troubles, freed of griefes, discontentments, and the like, these commonly beget such a wish in us. *Elias* himselfe was so impatient of discontents, as he sate him downe under a Juniper tree, desiring that he might die, say-

ing, It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers.

It is the saying of the Preacher, Death is not to be sought in the errors of youth, yet for some respects it may be desired.

*Portus est aliquando petendus, nunquam recusandus.*

1. As first, that so we may be-  
times leave off to sinne: Since sin  
lives in us, and leaves us not till  
death. Dixit Socrates, *Appropinquante morte, multo es divinior*: If the soules  
under the Altar cry, *Usque quo Domine?* If they sollicite for the day of  
Judgement, why not I for my day  
of Death, since deaths day is but the  
Eve of Gods day? Zenon said, I have  
no feare but of old age.

2 Secondly, the soule that soon  
departs, *facilius ad superos iter facit,  
quia minus facie ponderisque trahit.*  
And what's the distance twixt life  
and death? So little, as with the  
Ancients, the Embleme of life was  
*oculus apertus; Mortis, clausus, non  
extinctus: nec plus interesse putaverunt*  
inter

*inter mortem & vitam, quàm iētum oculi.* Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyned as neere as joy and griefe; where teares (the limbecke of the Heart) expresse both.

3 Thirdly, that so wee might the sooner come to live indeed, bee in *Patria*, where now we are but in *via*. Present life is not *vita*, sed *via ad vitam*. For which cause, saith *S. Bernard*, *Præcipitat quisque vitam suam, futuri desideria laborat, presentium tadio*. For when we cease to be men, we begin to be as Angels.

Yet it is a wonder to see how we love the present, and lesse esteem the future.

Men doe commonly say, There is *nullum tempus præter nunc*; let that be true in time, yet it holds not in Divinity; For man must chiefly minde his soule. The present is not that which contents the soule; *Nimis angustat gaudia, qui presentibus acquiescit*: They are only creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his soule looks

beyond this life; *Scrutatur quod ultra  
mundum. Futura & praterita illum  
delectant; Hac expectatione, Illa re-  
cordatione.*

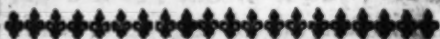
Who so feeles not a desire in his  
soule of something beyond this  
life, is not settled in the point of im-  
mortality of the soule: for in every  
supernatural man there is imprinted  
an undeterminable desire of more  
than present life can yeeld. There-  
fore we do not determine our con-  
tentment in things present, but ex-  
pect future things, more and grea-  
ter than here we are capable of.

*Speranti grandis, mediocria sunt in-  
grata.* All things tend to their cen-  
tre, the stones tossed from the earth  
borrow wings to their waighty na-  
ture to descend beneath where they  
have their looke: rivers are touched  
with amorous curiosity to revivise  
their mother the Sea, the pyramidal  
Flames of fire witnesse they burne  
but with desire onely of joyning  
themselves with their first beginning.

Heaven is our Centre, why should  
not we be ravished to be there to  
joyne



joyne as Atoms to their unity, and  
as rayes to the body of their light?  
To shew us the way frō aloft, those  
torches of the night gallantly shew  
us their twinckling baits, they  
shine not to us but to shew us the  
way of their Azure vaults, as being  
the only place of our repose.



*The Soules excellencie.*

**B**Ut what is this Soule that so  
delights in futures? Though it  
be shapelesse and immateriall, yet it  
would make a man heayenly proud  
to contemplate of how divine a na-  
ture, quality and essence it is! *Dei-*  
*ficatur Anima*, If shee be considered  
in her essentiality: *Secundum for-*  
*nam est Deus, secundum materiam est*  
*Anima*, saith S. Bernard. Her ama-  
tive vertues unite her to God, all  
vertues else to her. Therefore saith  
Saint Ambrose, *Quàm pulchra es, O*  
*Anima, peccata destruendo? Pulchrior*  
*nundum contemplando? Pulcherrima,*  
*Deo amorosè adhaerendo?*

Shee

Shee partakes of the good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the soule;

*Faciamus hominem ad similitudinem nostram.*

The body, though it have the honour to be companion with the soule, yet it is but her drudge: Christians say of the soule, that's the man; the body is but the case: Heathens could say, The soule was *divine particula aurea*. Some wil have it, a spirit mixt of Fire and Aire; Others, a self-moving number; Seneca saith, *Quid aliud est anima quam Deus in corpore humano hospitans?* Never any could give it such a definition, that either another, or himself could conceive it. And no wonder, for it selfe cannot conceive the owne selfe-excellencie, because it suffered a composure before it selfe was. *Trismegistus* saith, the Soule is the Horizon of time, in that it is immortall. It was the life of breath that gave it the breath of life: Therefore admiration rather than search, be-

becomes a man in such a secret : yet so good is God to man, that where- in we cannot reach him, he com- monly descends to us. Tully said, *Mibi quidem nunquam persuaderi po- tuit, animas, dum in corporibus essent mortalibus vivere; cum exissent ex iis, emori.* Saint Bernard saith better, *A- nima non exuit formam nativam, sed superinduit peregrinam; illa addita, ista non perdit.* And yet this spirituall essence of the soule was therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it should not grow proud, as these Angels did that fell.

Let me ever worship the great God of this little god, my soule, *Et ne plus ultra.* For this is an in- quifition, fitter for Angelicall intelli- gence, then mans shallow capacity.

Onely this I know, that to no creature else God hath given a rea- sonable soule : of creatures, the lowest ranke have no life, the next no essence, the third no reason; none but man hath grace; nor is there hope in any creature else but man, which hope is given him for  
the

the sustentation of his soule. *Ani-  
ma enim non est instar Camelentis, ut  
pascatur vento*, it cannot be fed with  
fancies, nor all the favours of the  
world. She is *ita generosa*, as nothing  
but that *summum bonum* will satisfie  
her. Saint *Augustine* in a compara-  
tive betwixt things temporall and  
eternall, saith thus, We love things  
temporall before wee have them,  
more than when we have them, be-  
cause the soule when she hath them  
cannot be satisfied with them; but  
things eternall, when they are actu-  
ally possessed, are more loved than  
when but desired; for neither saith  
could beleeve, nor hope expect so  
much as charity shall finde when  
eternitie comes in possession. There  
is no soule in the world, how hap-  
pie soever it thinkes it selfe here,  
but points its prehensions beyond  
what he possesses here.

Hee that contemplates these  
things, will beare himselfe too los-  
tily, and thinke himselfe too good  
to looke so low as to these sublu-  
nary things, hee will despise these

*vilia*

*vilia terre as ludibria mundi.*

*Angustus est animus quem terrena  
delectant, Man onely admires,  
magnalia cæli.*

How then can this beauty be  
pleased to inhabite long *contuber-*  
*nio isto?* Bring my soule out of Prison,  
saith David, that I may praise thee.

*Non sum ubi nunc sum,* saith the  
Soule.

As for the body, all it cares is  
but sepulture: for although the  
carkasse be insensible of any posture  
or position, yet honest sepulture is  
a blessing. That body which had  
the honour to bee the Temple of  
such a guest as the Holy Ghost, de-  
serves this favour.

But because many times the hou-  
ses of the dead, and the urned bones  
doe meet with foule hands, for this  
also Nature hath provided, *Ut di-*  
*fertè ait Mænas, Nec tumultum*  
*quaro.*

*Sepelit natura relictos.*

It is one of the petitions of eve-  
ry good soule.

*Adve-*

*Adveniat Regnum tuum, Thy  
kingdome come, O Lord; yet saith  
Saint Augustine, Hoc nitimur & re-  
luctamur. Quis non gemens, quis non  
reconsans exsit? Quis cum accesserit,  
non tergiversatur, timet, plorat?*

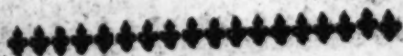


*Mans crosse Nature.*

**I**N all things else observe how  
contrarily we carry our selves;  
The labourer from his worke ha-  
stens to his bed; The Mariner  
rowes hard to gaine the Port, The  
Traveller is glad when he is with-  
in kenning of his Inne; yet wee,  
when death comes to put us into  
our port, thin it as a Rocke, we  
feare what we should wish, and  
wish that we should feare.

*O fortunatiorem Marcellum, eo tem-  
pore quo exilium suum Bruto approba-  
vit, quam quo Populo Romano Con-  
sulatum.*

*Mans*



Mans better choyce.

**H**Eare, O Christian, what the  
Pagan saith,

*Quid ni non timeat qui mori sperat?*

It is harder to make a true Philo-  
sopher patient of life, than of death.

*Hic spe mortis patienter dolet,  
Et radio doloris libenter moritur.*

*Hunc ferre, illum exspectare  
Sed expecto, mors tarda venit.*

Therefore said S. Paul, I am in a  
strait betwixt two, whether to live  
in the flesh were profitable for mee, and  
which to chuse, I wot not. Yet at last  
resolved, Live or dye, Christ was to  
him advantage: Therefore to be lo-  
sed and to bee with Christ, was best  
of all.

Till then, God grant,  
That I may have vitam in patien-  
tia, mortem vero in desiderio.

So shall I fulfill my course with  
joy; Life not deare, nor Death  
grievous.

Life



*Life and Death compared.*

**I**N elder times, both wise men, great men, and vaine men, had death in such estimation, and so undervalued life, as they fondly said, Had man beene worthy to know what life was, before he received it, he would have beene loth to accept it. *Nemo vitam accipiet, si daretur scientibus.* Life would have kept us in slavery, but that death freed us. The Heathen gods held death to be mans *summum bonum*. Therefore *Trophonius*, when he had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*, asked of *Apollo* for his recompence, that thing which was best for man; The Oracle bade him goe home, and within three dayes he should have it, within which time he died. They counted death but the trait of life, *Optimum natura inventum*: For by it every man might make himselfe happie, no man



man be longer miserable than he will, *Placetne vita? vive: non placet? licet eò reverti unde venisti.* They thought no state miserable, but that which death could not remedie: wherefore, say they, A wise man lives but so long as he should, not so long as he can.

If death were not in our power, we should desire it more than now we feare it; *Phocion in Athens* being condemned to dye, the Executioner refused to doe his office, unlesse he had twelve *Drachmas* paid him in hand: *Phocion* ne *thors* fieret *martis*, borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

*Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet. Magistra rerum Ratio* taught them, that common safety lay in death, *Et invitum qui servat, idem facit occidenti.* Life was subject to many fortunes; *Sed in eo qui scit mori, nil posse fortunam.* This made them cherish these desperate conceits, *nil resurre, faciatne finem an recipiat;* Thinking it bravery to use mischief for a remedy. Though life

life be not, yet death is at a mans  
command; *Mors nihil aliud est quam*  
*velle*, in which respect no man  
could complaine of life, *Quis me-*  
*minem tenet*. If any man did com-  
plaine, this was their wish, *Mors*  
*animam pavidam vitam subducere nollit*,  
*Sed virtutem hanc sola daret*. In scorne  
some said, *Ego ne expectem, vel mor-*  
*bi crudelitatem, vel hominis, cum possim*  
*medicis evitare tormento & adversa discen-*  
*tere*. But their bravest conceit was  
worle, that it was *genus mortis gene-*  
*rosum*, for a man to be author of his  
owne death. If it be permitted to  
desire death, why is it ill to give  
it to themselves? *Sed furor est, ne*  
*moriare, mori*.

To maintaine by reason, as well  
as courage, this was their assertion.  
Death was naturall, therefore wel-  
come any way, *vivere nobis, qui mo-*  
*ri non vult*: He is sorry that he was  
a man, that is not glad to dye. It is  
inevitable, therefore we must be  
resolute. *Feras, non culpas, quod vi-*  
*tari non potest*. Fooles flee it, old  
men attend it, wise men wish it.

Nay,

Nay, some so prided themselves in this way, that for care, feare, or griefe, they would not dye: *Non inferam mihi manus propter dolorem*, nor yet for feare: *Stultum est timore mortis mori*: nor yet through threats of torments: *Sic mori vinci est*. Sed si ceperat suspecta esse fortuna, si multa occurrebant, molesta, tranquillitatem turbantia; Then it was fortitude to dispatch them, how, or with what, it mattered not:

*Scalpello aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto securitas constat*, said Seneca when he bled to death.

Cato will dye, because the Common-wealth declined: Nerva, because the lawes were not kept: *Silvianus*, because he would not live at the mercy of his enemy: *Lucretia* to cover a dishonour: Thus may folly doe that which Nature cannot defend.

But where are these Disputers of the world, saith Saint Paul? Others thought

thought death was to be expected till Nature called for it, or Justice tooke it. For defence of a mans Countrey, Lawes, or Religion, men might *ponere animas suas*; but not for ostentation, or in discontentment.

*Bona res est mori sua morte.*

Yet some will dye for wantonnesse, if they want their wills.

Life was given to manage to the utmost. Having but the use of our lives, wee are bound to husband them to the best advantage.

Every one is here set Centinel, and not to leave the place till his Captaine call him off

*Non est optima quæ placet, sed quæ decet.*

That death was best, which was well recollected, quietly suffering what it could not possibly prevent.

*Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.*

makes way for it. If it be sharpe for the time, *Puer es, si moris manere insanas, quam medicinam sustinere amarum*; A man will easily swallow a bitter pill to gaine health. The Physician helpes us not without paine, and yet we reward him for it. Job saith of Death, from six troubles it deliuereth, & in septima, that is, at point of death, non tanges de malum. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy commeth in the morning. fit your selfe for it, and you will neuer feare it; doe by it as you doe in other things; when you would goe to sleepe, you put off your cloathes, you draw the Curtaines, put out the Candle, and goe to bed: Thus as it were acting sleepe, before you goe to sleepe: so addresse your selfe to death, and then as a Father saith,

*Erit somnus dilecti initium refrigerii.*

*Scala Montis, Iamua vita, Ingressus in Tabernaculum.*

Bring your selfe acquainted with

C

death,

death; that when it comes you may entertaine it, *non ut hostis, sed ut hospes*; nor as a foe, but as a friend; not as a stranger, but as a guest that you had long looked for; and bid welcome death more blessed than your birth.

Thus did Salomon upon his Throne, extoll his Coffin above his Crowne. What a griefe then is it to see great men in these dayes build houses of that strength and state, as if they should alwayes live, and yet so live, as if they had but mortall soules? Like the old Romans, who thought eternity dwelt in Statues and in marble Monuments. *Patres veteres habitabunt in coeternis; Cain vero edificavit civitatem in terra, sed perdidit eam*. I dwell in Cedars; but Gods Arke remains under Curtaines, was Davids griefe.

It is good counsell: *Effice mortem tibi familiarem, ut possis cum fortuleris, illi letus & alacriter obviare*. Though death bee terrible, yet innocencie is bold.

As the thought of death daunts

an ill liver; So it makes a good  
man, *Humilior, cautior, & cordatior*:  
Yet doe not as the Duellists and  
Gallants of the time doe, goe into  
the field to seeke death, and finde  
Honour: Swift *Asabel*, had hee  
gone but slowly, might have o-  
vertaken death, but he runs to fetch  
it: So doe Com<sup>mandants</sup> in these  
dayes, *Ubi infelix victoria cum vi-  
ctor succumbit vitio: nam aut morietur  
pro homicidio, aut vivit homicida*:  
Nor doe not as the wits of the time  
doe, put a scorne upon death; and  
to be accounted good company,  
dare abuse God, despite death, and  
talke prophanely; yet no man for  
offending good fellowship, must  
reprove them: To be bitterly wit-  
tie in invectives, pleases; and to  
have braine enough to be a *Tynton*,  
seemes a jolly thing: but in these  
cases saith Saint *Augustine*, it is a  
fault not to find fault. *Nam quomodo  
modum malus sermo ducit in peccatum,  
sic silentium relinquit in peccato*; A  
man may be mannerly in the forme,  
but must be round in the matter;

For a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendship, than by a round reproofe of his friend upon such an occasion.

One saith well, Sin doth ill in the eye, but worse in the tongue: I know not, saith another, whether the maintenance of the least evill, be not worse than the commission of the greatest, for this may be of frailty, that argues obstinacie. Likewise prophane speeches how sharpe soever are ever hatefull to a good eare; wherefore play not the wanton with *heaven*, take no part with wit against godlinesse; such aire poisons goodnesse, brings sadnesse at the last.

*Seneca* observing that ill men in their conversation, and good men in their prayers made over-bold with God, gave this counsell, So deale with men as if God saw thee; so speake to God, as if men heard thee: But say the good fellowes of the world, *Offendatur Deus, ne contristetur amicus*, Let us enjoy our selves; to what else serves the full-

nesse



ness of our fortunes? but he coun-  
sels better that saith, *Temperanda*  
*est felicitas mundi meditatione mortis,*  
*ut vinum aqua dilutum,* such an al-  
lay prosperity requires.

To this end good *Joseph* built  
his Sepulchre in his garden; *Saul*  
is no sooner annointed King, but  
was sent to *Rachels* sepulchre; some  
*Philosophers* had their graves al-  
wayes open before their gates, that  
going out and coming in, they  
might alwayes thinke of death:  
For in life they found comforts  
to bee rare, crosses frequent,  
pleasures momentany, pains perma-  
nent.

In this world we are all *Benonies*,  
the sonnes of sorrow; the way to  
heaven, is by weeping-crosse. The  
Calendar tells us, wee come not  
to Ascension day, till the passion  
weeke be past.

*Hi motus animorum atque hac*  
*certamina tanta,*  
*Pulveris exigui jactum compressa*  
*quiescunt.*

It is observed that most of other creatures live long, but dying perish all to nothing; Therefore some complaine of nature that shee hath given too long a life to a Raven, and too short a life to a man. Man that is short-lived, yet he dying, lives eternally: Thinke but of this, and you will thinke as Saint Bernard did, that life were little better than hell, were it not for the hope of heaven.

Surely Christ would not have dyed, but that we may dye in safety; he by death in death, delivered us from death.

And did Christ dye for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore desire to live long from him. Who would not goe out of himselfe to goe to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to be loth to goe to God. All men goe willingly to see him whom they love. Our brother Joseph liveth; therefore though with Jacob I cannot say, I will goe see him before I dye; Yet, Lord let me die,

die, that I may see him whom my  
soule loveth, living I cannot, but  
dying I shall.

The danger is, lest difficulties  
and delights hinder our resoluti-  
ons : Difficulties should not ; For  
since *Adams* fall none passes unto  
Paradise but by burning Seraphims.  
We cannot goe out of *Aegypt*, but  
throw the Red Sea. These chil-  
dren of *Israel* before they came to  
*Hierusalem*, tooke in their way the  
valley of Teares, and crossed the  
swift river *Jordan*, before they came  
to the sweet waters of *Siloam*.  
Pleasures may hinder : For even  
that good Saint *Augustine* was  
once of the minde, that he would  
not leave present pleasures for fu-  
ture hopes ; but afterwards said  
with sorrow, *Pudet vivere in deli-*  
*ciis, cum Christus vivit in periculis.*  
*Moses* when he came of yeares, re-  
fused to be called the son of *Pha-*  
*raohs* Daughter, chusing rather to  
suffer affliction with Gods chil-  
dren, than to enjoy the pleasures of  
sinne for a season. Prosperous for-

tunes many times hinder a cheerefull dying, but this petulant world must be left. The vaine pride of man befooles him, and easily carries him to ridiculous affectations: But conscience of sin must not be exchanged for the sense of pleasure. To labour in conquering vice is the greatest pleasure we should take. The holy man exclaimes, *O quam multi sunt qui mundum damnant, & tamen pauci relinquunt!* Every sense about us, upon the least temptation, is a traytour to the soule. The body it selfe, if you set too high a price upon it, will make a cheape soule. *Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria:* A man may be as happie in Ruffet as in Tissue, and he is an unhappie man, whose outside is his best side; vile is Nature in her best dresse. It was good counsell of the Preacher, Care not for glorious apparell, but apparell your selfe with glory. A spruce Roman, riding on a leane Jade, was asked by the Censor his reason; he answered, *Ego curo meipsum, Statim vero*

*verò equum*; I looke to my selfe, but  
my man to my horse. So vaine men  
looke to their bodles, looke who  
list to his soule. *Dominam ancilla-*  
*re & ancillam dominare abusio est,*  
saith *Stella*.

Also high fortunes lead men to  
strange fashions; but if we would  
be of the Court of Heaven, we must  
fashion our selves as the Country-  
man doth, who when he comes to  
Court, soone shakes off his clown-  
ish tricks, and gets a civill behavi-  
our: *Mundum cum suis frivolis*, a  
good in in must condemne.

If you would live well, live in  
awe of all eyes, and especially take  
heed where you live, for the very  
place of pleasure is dangerous; In  
Paradise *Adam* could not be inno-  
cent, but out of Paradise he was a  
good man. *Adam* was set upon in  
Paradise, *Job* on the dunghill; yet  
*Job* was fortior in stercore, quam *A-*  
*dam* in Paradiso; We are no *Da-*  
*vids* now adayes, therefore let us  
not be too venturous: *David* when  
he had seene the magnificencie and

state of Court, yet thought never  
 the worse of his retired life, but  
 loved his hooke the better : And  
 when afterwards he came from keep-  
 ing Sheepe to be a Shepherd of  
 men, he changed his state without  
 change of his disposition: but this  
 is not our condition now a dayes ;  
 we are more for our sheep than our  
 soules. Man is the son of desires :  
 but judge not of things by the face  
 of things, for life and death have  
 deceivable vizards ; under the faire  
 face of life lurkes griefe, under the  
 foule feature of Death (which is  
 but faticie) lyes felicitie ; Take off  
 the mask, and you wil change your  
 minde ; loath that you loved, and  
 love that you loathed.

*Quia habitus castus cum non sit castus,*

*videtur ; 191. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230.*

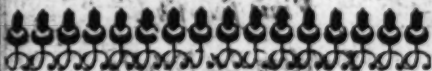
*Mors prater cultum nil patetris*  
*habet.*

*191. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230.*

*191. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230.*

*191. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230.*

*191. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230.*



*The kindes of Death.*

**T**He kindes of Death as of life  
are two; one bodily, the o-  
ther spirituall:

Bodily life is the conjunction  
of body and soule, bodily death is  
the separation of body and soule.  
And as a godly man hath three de-  
grees of life, The first in this life  
when Christ lives in him; The se-  
cond, when his body returnes to  
earth, and his soule to God that  
gave it: The third, at the end of  
the world, when body and soule  
re-united shall enjoy heaven:

So likewise a wicked man hath  
three degrees of death; Dead in  
sin while he lives, Dead in soule  
when he dyes; Dead in body and  
soule, when both shall be adjudged  
and condemned.

*Adiu sit mors sine morte,*

*Finis*

*Finis sine fine,*

*Defectus sine Defectu.*

*Quis mors vivit, finis semper incipit,  
& deficere defectum nescit.*

On the other side, to the faith-  
full Death is but the finishing of  
his mortification and burying of  
his sin.



*Freedom of Death.*

**T**He freedoms wee have by  
Death are many.

1 First, from all worldly Inju-  
ries. Here good men doe but live  
and suffer; *Bene agere, & male pati,*  
that's their portion; Sufferings  
are greater trials than actions, but  
they prepare to happinesse: It is  
good for me that I have been affli-  
cted, saith David.

*Non sentire mala, non esset homini;  
non ferre, non esset viri.* But what are mo-

mo-



momentary afflictions to an eternall weight of glory?

2 Secondly, it ends all: Misery is a privative good, putting a period to all ill: Man in misery, saith Job, longs for Death, and digs for it, more than treasure; *Mors finis est, non poena*: nay, saith one, *Nec finis, nec poena*; *bonis lex est, non poena perire*. It is another Moses unto man, delivering him out of bondage and ruing Bricke in Ægypt.

It ends sins, not life; it reformes, but doth not destroy nature:

*Vitiorum est Sepultura, virtutum Resurrectio.*

3 Thirdly, it frees from all corporall infirmities.

*Mors omnipotent dolorum salus.*

Life it selfe is a disease, and we die by corruption of humours, whether they be of body or manners; who so thinkes to heale all infirmities with an easier plaister than death, *Delinimenta patiens quam remedia podagra sua ponit.*

4 Fourth-

4 Fourthly, it frees us from all bodily labours: Man is the subject of the earth by labour, of heaven by suffering. The Spirit saith, *Blessed are they that dye in the Lord, they rest from their labours. Adeo iuvat occupatum mori*: Here I have labour without rest: There I shall have rest without labour. In this Rest, perfect Tranquillity; in this Tranquillity, Contentment; in this Contentment, Joy; in this Joy, Variety; in this Variety, Security; in this Security, Eternity; So to Rest, to Rise, to Reigne, what more to be wished?

5 Fifthly, it eases us of all cares and troubles: *Refrigerat est anime*, Refection to the soule; Were we but in a throng, we would thinke that man at ease who gets out first. Noah, when he had bene tossed but a yeare upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a glad-some place; so likewise miserable man after many wearisome yeares tossed up and downe the world as in a troubled sea, will be glad of death,

death, as of Mount *Ararat*, a resting place for his tyred soule.

Old *Chancers* Epitaph is a good one:

*Mors arummarum requies.*

The long sicke man wrote upon his grave-stone, *Hic ero finis.*

In Warres we often releee the Watch. Life is a Warfare, yet hath no releefe but Death.

6 Lastly, Death doth us not the least pleasure in freeing us from phantasmes and vaine pleasures: *Periculatur enim castitas in deliciis, Pietas in negotiis. Veritas in multiloquio, Charitas in seculo.*

And yet some pleasures may stand with innocency; For God loves to see his creatures happy, but commonly the pleasures of the body are the poysons of the soule: a man smothered in Roses meets with Death, though in sweernesse; *Delicatæ enim menter evolvat falsitatem.* In vaine mirth there is no true joy, nor yet gladnesse in laughter: *Nunquid est severa verum Gaudium:* The only

only object of true joy is God. In the multitude of sorrowes that I had in my heart, thy comforts have refreshed mee, and doe delight my soule, saith David.

Delight in pleasures, and you shall finde your greatest pleasures become your bitterest paines.

*Miser homo, cujus gaudium crimen habet.*

But cherish that Synteresis, the naturall power in the soule, and that will stirre you up to a cheerefulnesse in goodnesse: *Ne queras Deum in hortis & pascuis deliciarum: Moses eum invenit in spinis & asperitate vite.*

A man whose soule is conversant with God, shall find more pleasure in the desert and in death, than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affaires of Nature; even Princes must dye; I have said you are gods, but you shall dye like men.

The



*The benefits by Death.*

**T**HE benefits that come by Death: Fulnesse of Grace which here we have but in part; *Vivere velint homines ut perfecti sint, mori volunt & perfecti sunt.* Here we have but *Arrhans Spiritus*, there we shall have *Pretium*. *Sedete a dexteris*, will be our welcome. Here mans regeneration is never accomplished: by death it is fully perfected.

Secondly, perfection of Glory: now I know but in part, but then I shall know as I am known: now I see darkly, as in a glasse, then shall I see face to face. There shall be new Heavens, new Earth; the world shall be made better, not nothing. *Suscipit enim meliorationem, non interitum*: Old things are passed away, behold, saith St. Paul, all things are become new. There shall be no more an Infant of dayes, nor an old man that hath not filled his dayes, saith Esay. The  
Heavens

Heavens you behold shall be super-  
invested with new indowments,  
made everlasting habitations for  
the Saints departed, *Erunt parti-*  
*cipes, non tantum spectatores glorie;*  
Enjoy with these eyes *visionem il-*  
*lum beatificant;* Joy unspeakable, and  
this joy, saith Saint Iohn, No man  
shall take from you.

Thirdly, inseparable fellowship  
with Christ: They follow the Lamb  
whithersoever he goeth. There we shall  
be married to him, here we be but  
contracted, *Desponsabimur ei;* saith  
the Prophet. Those favours and  
love-tokens I have here received,  
doe but inflame, not satisfy: And  
these I am willing to part with, lest  
they should make me loth to depart  
to him that gave me them.

*Meretricius est amor, plius annulum  
quam sponsam amare.*

Lastly, it brings me where I  
would be; into my owne Countrey,  
into Paradise, where I shall meet,  
not as in the *Elizium* of the Poets,  
*Catanes, Scipiones & Scævola's*; But  
Abraham,

*Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, the Patriarchs my fathers, the Saints my brothers, the Angels my friends; my wife, children, and kinsfolkes that are gone before me, and doe attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we shall thus congratulate, as Saint Paul saith; we are met in Mount Sion the City of the living God, and the celestiall Jerusalem, in the company of innumerable Angels; where things that eye hath not seene, nor eare heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us and all that feare God.*

Therefore I will say, *Lord, when shall I come and appeare before thee? Like as the Hart panteth for the water brooks; so pants my soule for thee; O God: I had rather be a doore-keeper in thy house, than dwell here, though in chambers of pleasure: and know this, that Glory followes Grace; if little Grace be here, lesse will be the Glory hereafter.*

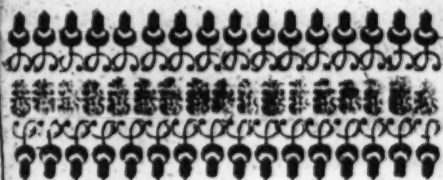
Touching

The first of these is the fact that the  
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T





## Touching the second generall Division.

### II.

*The Feares or Ioyes that  
Death brings.*

The feares of Death.

**T***Imor est dolor, The King of  
feares is Death; For no-  
thing is absolutely fear-  
full, but what tends to  
death. The living dogge, saith Salo-  
mon, is better than the dead Lion. The  
bassest life excells the best bare be-  
ing. Naturally men feare Death,  
because it ends being, which Na-  
ture would preserve. Omnis dolor  
surgit*

*surgit ab amore : Rachel mourned for her children and would not be comforted because they were not.*

Very not being is sufficiently abhorred by Nature ; yet Death ends not being.

Christians were wont to be of that courage that they feared nothing but sinne ; *Timuit mortem Petrus, & negavit Christum.* But why should a man feare death that doth but restore him to him that made him ? *Timeat mortem qui Deum non timet ; sed si sperare desiderat, desine timere.* Feares, as all passions, doe disquiet the heart : Yet just feare breeds but care ; and feare mixt with faith, sollicites unto goodnesse : but distrustfull feare, as over-confident hope, are both alike hurtfull.

*Sunt autem qui Deum nec timent, nec sperant ;* These men are desperate : Goe on, and shut up a carelesse life with a disconsolate death. Feare of death is commonly the effect of an evill life. Feare vice specially in age, lest the nearer you come

come to death, the farther you goe from life. The *Convert* said well, *Periissem nisi periissem.*

It is true, the name of Death to most is fearfull; Yet *Pompa mortis magis terret quam ipsa mors*. Groines, Convulsions, discoloured faces, these shew Death terrible; because God loves at first to make way for himselfe by terrour, but at last conveys himselfe to us in sweetnesse. And what trouble can the feare breed, when that which is feared is a favour?

That *Philosopher* is not to be followed, who to prepare himselfe the better for Death, did set forth death most fearfully: nor yet is that Emperour to be praised who so little esteemed death, as he dyed in a complement.

The feare of Death, is worse than the paines of Death: *Timor mortis, ipsa morte peior*; Because feare of Death kills us often, where Death it selfe can doe it but once. And when that is done, saith *Job*, the *Wombs* will forget thee,

thee, and the wormes feed sweetly on thee,

There is nothing more miserable or foolish than alwayes to feare.

The *Philosopher* thought, that if Death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitterneffe, men would run to it with desire and indiscretion.

*Ergo mortem concupiscentes, & timentes a quæ objurgat Epicurus.*

It is true, Life would not be troubled with too much care, nor Death with too much feare; because feares betray, cares disorder those succours which reason would afford to both: But he is more sorrowfull than is necessary, that is sorrowfull before there be necessity. Nor will I ever think my soule in good case, so long as I feare to thinke of dying. When the Prince of Life was under the Arrest of Death, then Deaths seeming victory was terrible: But now, *O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?*

Feares multiply evils, Faith diminishes them; yet most men wish,

ut mors potius semel incidat, quam semper impendeat, because nothing is so painfull as to dwell long under the expectation of some great evill. Of themselves, paines of Death are only throwes of travell that bring forth joyes in suffering paines.

*Absolvitur anima, resolvitur corpus; gaudet quod absolvitur, quod resolvitur non sentit.*

The Heathen man could say, *Non ego pœnas esse quibusdam post mortem; sed quid ad mortem, quid post mortem?* If there be any feares in Death, *Quare juvenes non timent fieri senes?* But it is the nature of feare, to make dangers greater, helps lesse than they are.

When *Alexander* had word brought him that his deare and only son was dead; *Scio*, said he, *me genuisse mortalem*. The sons condition satisfied the fathers passion.

There is no such gentle removall of griefes, or life's discontents, as the right sense of Death; nor can that man either live at ease, or yet

contentedly, that lives continually in feare of Death. *Nil in morte metum, si nihil timendum vita nostra commisit.* Never feare what you shall suffer when you are dead, if you have not deserved it while you lived.

In learning to live, study how to dye. We take great care to bestow our time well while we live, but he leeses all his time, that knowes not how to end his time.

*Nescire mori miserrimum.*

Socrates de morte disputabat usque ad ipsam. When Ottho and Cato had prepared all things for their death, they settled themselves to sleepe: when they awaked, and found themselves upon the stroke of execution, all they said was, *Vita supplicio data est, mors remedio.* Tyrants have been told to their faces, that their mortall wounds made the Sufferers Immortall.

*Vivere non potest, qui mori non audet.*  
There

There is no man so valiant as the beleever.

It was a proverb amongst the Heathens, *Soli Christiani mortis contemptores.*

Zeno's word was, *Difficile est hominem exuere*, but off he must.

It is true, feare of Death (as a tribute due to Nature) is a weaknesse; yet feares be not alwayes ill symptomes before death, nor in death. At that instant Nature will reluct to keepe still her being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleasing.

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man the best had beene, not to have beene, *Non nasci optimum*; His next best were, to live long: It was ill with him that he was borne, worse that he must dye. Therefore not being sure of a better life, he would faine make much of this. He is conscious to himselfe, that this dying life will bring him to a living death; yet thinks, *Dura spero, spero*; and so flutters *inter mortis metum, & vite*

tormentum, nolit vivere, & nescit mori. A good man is otherwise minded, he counts his end the best of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *Quid huius vivere est, but diis mori?* His word is, *Cum expiro, spero*; my body only lived *sperando*, my soule lives *sperando*: When his breath failes him, his hope faints not, *Patienter vivit, delectabiliter moritur*. To this man, *mori quamprimum*, is his rather, therefore he saith to his soule, *Why art thou cast downe, O my soule, why art thou so disquieted within me? wait on God.*



*The difference of soules as well in  
dying as living.*

**S**Oule and Soule are differenced  
Sin dying, as well as in being.  
The Atheist dares not dye for feare  
of *non esse*; The ill liver dares not  
die for feare of *malè esse*; The doubt-  
full conscience dares not dye *nesci-  
endo*.



endo, whether he shall be, not be, or be damned; Only the good man dares and desires to dye. He is assured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I feare, when I know in whom I bekeve*, said the holy Martyr? *I am thy Salvation*, saith that Saviour of man.

Could Death end misery, the greatest happinesse a wicked man would wish, were the act of Death: But his conscience will not let him lye; he knowes the end of his present miseries, is the beginning of worse, yea, such as Death it selfe cannot terminate; for that would be happinesse enough, had he hope there would be an end at the least.

*Tophet* is prepared for the bad, and *Paradise* for the good; *As the tree falleth, so it lyeth*; As Death leaves him, so Judgement shall finde him.

There was neither death nor life but had some good in it, could he have seene it. In life there was some ease, in death an end; But in *Inferno* there is neither ease nor end.

*Prima mors animam dolentem pellit  
de corpore;*

*Secunda mors animam nolentem te-  
net in corpore.*

There is no *Annus Platonius*, nor  
yeare of Jubile in this place.

Could we therefore fore-thinke  
what bitter paines our sweet finnes  
will cost, we would be provident,  
we durst not but be innocent.

But foolish men give away their  
Soules for nothing: yet those that  
would not feare for love, shall trem-  
ble for feare, and find, though too  
late, how much prevention is bet-  
ter than confusion. In the sense of  
paine, and horroure of Conscience  
they will one day cry, *O vos omnes  
qui transitis*, All ye that passe by, at-  
tendite, & videte si est dolor sicut dolor  
meus. Then pangs of death, an-  
guish of conscience, frights of Hell  
meeting all together, will render a  
man perfectly miserable.

It is strange that we will not be  
wise by other mens harmes: for  
though

though we love our selves better than others, yet we see others better than our selves. Reason therefore bids us, if we would see our owne case, then to view it in another mans person, and so prevent that which he feelles.

Seldome doth he dye well, that lives ill; therefore in the course of your life practice well doing, and at parting you shall have the comfort of well dying.



*Body and Soule parting.*

**S**Ed quàm amarum eris hoc tempore  
Scorporis & anima separatio? We  
see old acquaintance cannot part  
without teares. *Quid facient intimè  
familiares, quales sunt corpus et anima,  
qua ab ipso utero ita jucundissimè vi-  
xerim?* If the Oxe loweth when his  
fellow is taken from him that drew  
the plough with him, *qualem mugitum*  
shall we give when soule and  
body part? *Siccine separas, amara  
Mors? Siccine separas?*

When I goe in *fundum*, there shall I see *nostrum nihil*, saith the Booke of Kings. The spirit at this time may be willing, but the flesh will be loth. *Agrè amittitur, quod valde amatur.*

Faith will assure God is thy Father; but Nature will tell thee, She is thy mother, and thou mayest not yet leave her. In this conflict take heed the mothers side prevaile not; Shee will play *Naomies* part, perswade thee earnestly to stay and enjoy the delights of *Adoab* yet a while longer; but resolve thou with *Rahab* to see what entertainment is for thee in Bethlehem, for there thou shalt finde a *Boaz*.

*In ista hora*, every man will make *Balaams* suit, (for no man would be miserable, if it were enough to desire to be happie.) *Beatus vnus homo esse, etiam non sic vivendo ut possit esse.* Some there are that would not wish to live, but wish they had not lived. But such wishes will not serve, Death will not be satisfied with wishes, nor with words. Hea-

ven is full of good works, Hell full of good wishes. He must *pie vivere*, that will *secure mori*. We all desire to shut up our last scene of life, with, *In manus tuas, Domine, commendo Spiritum meum*. But it is not the last words a man utters, that doe qualifie his Soule. Remember how in thy life thou hast entertained Gods Spirit: for as we used his in this life, so he will use ours after Death. *Qualem quisque se fecerit in hac vitâ, talem se inveniet exiens ab hac vitâ.*

At this houre what would a man give to secure his soule? *Quid dabis pro animâ tuâ, qui pro nihilo das illam?* Poore man! never was any so rich as could pay the ransom of his owne soule; a displeased mercy askes greater satisfaction.

And this know, that when thou dyest, thou goest to give account of thy Stewardship, that is, *Temporis amissi, Mali commissi, Boni omissi*: and thy soule already knowes in *conscientia tua*, whither it goes, *quando egreditur è corpore tuo*; For

thy conscience is a Justice *Itinerant* with thee, and though thou canst carry nothing else with thee, yet this thou canst not leave behind thee, that will tell thee whither thou goest, and what thou shalt looke for : *Tunc quasi loquentia tua opera dicent ; Tu nos egisti : Tua opera sumus, non te deseremus : sed tecum ibimus ad Iudicium.* In that day shall come into mens mindes (*vi divina*) in the twinkling of an eye all their past good, or evill worker.

Memory the Magazine of the Soule will then recount all that thou hast done, said, or thought all thy life long : for there needs no other art of memory for sinne, but misery.

Man is a great flatterer of himselfe, but conscience is alwayes just, and will never chide thee wrongfully ; It alwayes takes part with God against a mans selfe ; It is *magistratus domesticus*, that will tell what you doe at home ; it is well termed, the Pulse of the Soule : There-

Therefore if you would know the true state of your body or soule, feele how this beats, that will tell you : yet take heed you make not an Idoll of your conscience; neither thinke, as some doe, that it is a crime to make a conscience of our actions. The Booke of Wisdome saith, That wickednesse being pressed with conscience, fore-casteth grievous things : feare is full of projects.

*Nemo severiorem seipso habet iudicem* : Therefore *non timere iudicium*, is a desperate thing; yet we pray daily, *Domine, adveniat Regnum tuum.*

It shewes a Christian courage, *Regnum Dei postulare* : But a man had need of a good cause, that wishes the coming of his Judge.

At point of death, if a man will take his aime by the best men that ever lived or dyed; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, and of Christ himselfe (as he was man) is able to amaze any man, when as our Saviour Christ, not many hours before he suffered, said,

said, *Anima mea turbata est, & quid dicam?* and at the very point of death, said, *Father, if it be thy will, let this Cup passe from mee.* When David said, *Save Lord for thy mercies sake; for in death there is no remembrance of thee.* And *Ezechias* wept sore, when he was bid, *Put thy house in order, for thou must dye.* *Si Patres, si Prophetae, si Apostoli, si Martyres, si Christus ipse,* was thus troubled at the houre of death, *Wretched man that I am, what shall I doe?* Wee were all to seeke, but that *Christ* bids us, *Be of good cheere, for I have overcome death, Mors morte redempta est.* Now there is advantage in death; that which was the wages of sin, is made the reward of righteousness.

Now that death hath overcome death, and that faith hath secured feare, *Nec metadet vivere, nec timeo mori.* For what can he feare in death, whose death is his hope? *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavis clavo truditur.* Right precious in the sight of God is the death of his Saints.

See.



See then what makes men willing or loth to dye.

*Obsecro te, Lucille, said Seneca, Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo?* It is the present condition of men that makes them willing or loth to dye.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the world, as others can forbear the Courr. And count him but unwise, *Quis suam aperit aeri, ut se satiaret vento.* Some say unto themselves, Since the Faibers fell asleep, all things continue as they were: *Libere ignorant, ut liberius peccent;* These will erect to themselves an heaven out of heaven, and be blessed before they be dead. Some pleasant their lives, as if the world should alwayes laugh upon them.

*Quamvis peior est mundus cum blanditur, quam cum indignatur.*

Some say, Let us eat and drinke, for to morrow we shall dye, *Et post mortem nulla voluptas.* These would doe any thing rather than dye. Others thinking to please God by making them-

themselves miserable, live as if they came into the world but to act a sad mans part and dye.

*De tanta letitia, quanta tristitia!*

These wish a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weake minds seeke ease in change. Therefore well said the Son of Syrach, O death, how acceptable is thy remembrance to him whose strength failes? That is now in his last Age, and vexed with all things; and to him that despaireth and hath lost patience. Contrariwise, O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lyeth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that prospereth in all things. (*Sed, ô seculum nequam, quod solos tuos sic soles beare amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos.*)

Certainly to this man that thus lives at ease in delicacie with affluence of all things, (for to use happinesse is as difficult as to forbear it) to him it is a sad and bitter meditation to thinke that death must take

take him from all these joyes, wherin his heart tooke pleasure, though indeed pleasures are but paines in their losse. *O pro quantillo Regnum perdidit!* said *Lysimachus*, when he gave his kingdome for a cup of cold water.

Thus as men differ in their condition; so doe they in the acceptation of death.

*Sed, O quam amara mors mundum amantibus!*

Every poore contentment glues us to that we like. And what are those contentments? Vaine hopes, impure pleasures, false honours, dangerous greatnesse, unsatisfying wealth, stormie contentments, all contemptible. For all that some good men covet, *Et Deum & mundum simul complecti*; but that will not be; *Nam Deus non amat cor divisum*. A man cannot looke up to heaven with one eye, and downe to the earth with the other. *Amor Dei non est dividendus terrenis*; Christ would not have his Coat divided.

If

If thy heart be set on heaven,  
 thy soule will have no pleasure in  
 these low things, looke upward.  
 A good Christian is high minded;  
*Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque*  
*tueri.* The minde contemplating  
 heaven, walkes beyond eye-sight,  
 and at so farre a distance discernes  
 God, as if he were at hand. There  
 be certaine Subsapientes so worldly  
 wise as they thinke all other men  
 insapientes. To converse with God  
 is true solace. We are never well  
 but when we are conversing with  
 others, but our conversation is sel-  
 dome in heaven where it should be.  
*Moses* was with God in the moun-  
 taine, and came downe glistering,  
 his face shining. *Peter*, when he was  
 taken up to the mount, cryed, *Fa-*  
*ciamus hic tria Tabernacula:* Who  
 ever they be that dwell in Contem-  
 plation of heavenly things, see visi-  
 ons, and come off rich in thoughts.  
 In this state, said *David*, I have had  
 more joy of heart, than they whose  
 wine and oyle increased.

Therefore if thy heart be right,  
 thou

thou needest not feare : But a heart  
and a heart God cannot abide. *Cor*  
*extensum* God loves. It is noted in  
nature, that the fearfullest creatures  
have the largest hearts. Let the feare  
of God inlarge thy heart, and then  
you need not feare your day of  
death : *Nam dies iste, quem tanquam*  
*extremum aliqui reformidant, tibi e-*  
*terna salutis eris.* Nor yet the face  
of death, for it will looke upon  
thee, *Facie non horrendâ, sed blandâ ;*  
*non terribili, sed amabili.* Here is the  
difference, the good mans hope is  
even in Death ; The world-lover  
ends his hope and happinesse,  
when he dyes : As *Abab* said to *E-*  
*liar*, so saith he to Death, *Hast thou*  
*found mee, O mine enemy ?* Whereas  
the other saith, as *David* said to  
*Abimeaz*, Let come and welcome,  
for he is a good man, and cometh with  
good tidings.

Plato discoursing unto one,  
*De contemptu mortis*, and speaking  
strangely upon it, was answered,  
*Fortius loqueris, quàm vivis : At*  
*ille dicebat, non quemadmodum vi-*  
*veret,*

*veret, sed quemadmodum vivendum  
esset.* For a weake mans rules may  
be better than the best mans acti-  
ons. But how-ever the Contem-  
plation of death pleaseth, the suf-  
fering of death will pinch. A man  
satisfied, that death is nothing but a  
bridge to conveigh over a tempe-  
stuous water to a calme shore, yet  
did not the word, *Ibis ad patres,*  
sweeten the Contemplation, as did  
that wood cast by *Moses* into the  
waters of *Marah*, turning bitter-  
ness into sweetnesse: The thought  
of Death (though it be but a gather-  
ing to our fathers) would be an  
unpleasing study.

But feares being past, which are  
but shadowes, set off joyes the bet-  
ter, therefore now to see the joyes  
that Death brings.



*The joyes brought by Death.*

**P***Er angusta pervenitur ad angusta*: The soule of joy lyes in the Soules joy. It was *Sampsons*, Riddle, *Out of the bitter came sweet*. The good mans quality is to looke thorow Death at Glory. When we thinke upon the separation of body and soule, then it is a sweet

Contemplation to consider the conjunction of our bodies and soules with Christ; which being made by the bond of the spirit in this life, shall never afterwards be cancelled. For let Death, wilde beasts, or birds devoure and teare the body from the soule, yet neither body nor soule are thereby severed from Christ.

*Non curo, saith Ignatius, si ferarum dentes me moluerint, modò pura sum farina Christo.*

And yet the body thus consumed,

med, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beast, nor yet receives life or sense from the soule, nor hath aptitude in it selfe to reanimation, whilest it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, saith *Job*, by the sent of water will bud againe, but man is sicke and dyeth, and where is he? Surely not lost, but laid a while at rest.

But when the great Affises, that generall *venite* comes; Then looke what the condition of Christ was in his death, the like shall be of his members. The Body and Soule of Christ were severed as farre as heaven and the grave were distant; yet neither of them were parted from the God-head: So likewise our bodies and soules, though rent and pulled in sunder millions of miles distant; yet neither of them are severed or dis-joynd from Christ our head.

*Qui prædixit, Revixit*, and this hath wrought it. Humane wisdom cannot comprehend this: Weake faith lookes for meanes, and



and is put to shifts, when she sees them faile; and yet Reason ministers helpe to Faith, though it be no ground of Faith. *Nam fides non tollit, sed potius extollit rationem.*

Reason, the chiefest peece of man, would, but cannot reach so high. Grace that hath taken up her seat in the Soule, makes Reason see what Nature cannot: And yet man, doe what he can, is still apt to seeke a reason why he should beleeve. But Omnipotencie, which workes by improbabilities, tels us, there is no strong faith where there is apparant meanes. Difficulties and improbabilities are the proper objects of faith, *Crede, quod non vides, & videbis, quod non credis.*

Philosophers say, that credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of Folly. But as opinion is owing unto reason, so is Faith to Religion. With them, to beleeve nothing for which they saw not reason, was counted wisdom.

But faith is not faith if reason comprehend it; Faith and Reason have

have their limits; where Reason ends, Faith begins: Of old it was the greatest argument for proove of Christianity, the proceeding of it contrary to reason.

In Nature we see that in Winter season, trees which seeme as dead, revive againe in the Spring: because the Body, Graines, and Armes of the Tree are joyned to the root, where the Sap lyes all the Winter, and by meanes of conjunction it conveys vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even so mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into dust. *Homo arbor inversa, cujus radix in calis, rami in terra.* Mans life lyes hid in Christ with God; Yet in the day of the Resurrection, by reason of this Mysticall Conjunction, divine and quickening vertue shal stream from Christ to his Elect, and cause them to resurge from grave to life eternall. For the head will not be without the members; where he is, there they shall be also. Therefore incredulous Nature, shrinke not at the possi-

possibility of Resurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted how in that transfiguration, the body of *Moses* which was hid in the valley of Moab, appeared in the hill of Tabor, which assures that this body of ours, lodge it where you will, is not lost, but laid up to be raised to glory, as it was laid downe in dust.

The incineration and dissipation of this dust shall have a recollection in the day of resurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit say to *Ezechiel*, Prophesie upon these bones, and say, *O see dry bones, I will cause breath to enter into you, I will lay sinewes upon you, and will bring up flesh, and you shall live? Awake then, and sing, you that dwell in dust, saith Esay, for thy dew is as the dew of hearbs: and the earth shall cast out her dead. I know saith Job, that my Redeemer liveth, and I shall see God face to face. Our bodies you see, are not cast off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint Bernard upon the*  
losse

losse of his friend, expostulates thus with Death; *Occidisti, possedisti, Sed, quid? corpus, non animam: & venisti aliquando Christus, cum potestate, & maiestate carnem illam querere, & illud corpus cadaverosum configurare corpori claritatis sue.*

It is well for man, that his body by death becomes putrid, resolved and crumbled to nothing, else how would some mens corps be honoured, if not adored, after death?

Sleepe saith now unto her Sister Death, *Awake thou that sleepest, for now is your salvation nearer, than when you beleaved.*

Why then should a man immoderately sorrow, since sorrow is good for nothing but for sinne; or grieve for the death of a friend; since, as *Seneca* saith, It is but envie, not sorrow? Now that the childe is dead, wherefore should I fast or wee, e, said *David*? Griefe preceding evill, if it be used for a remedy, cannot be too much: But that which followes an evill past remedy, cannot be too little. The  
arrest

arrest of Death shall not alwayes  
keepe him that lyes downe in  
peace.

The bodies of Saints, saith *Augu-  
stine*, shall be raised, *Tantâ facili-  
tate, quantâ felicitate*, with as much  
ease as happinesse: *Nam mors tan-  
tum intermitit vitam, non eripit*; it  
doth not disanull, but discontinue  
life. And by our rising we are re-  
mitted to our better right: A life  
which never dyes, a morning that  
hath no Eve nor ending.

Now me thinkes I heare death  
say of life, as *John Baptist* said of  
Christ, *Hæc est commatio after mee, is  
before mee.*

O sweet word! Life, the best  
Monosyllable in the world, Gods  
owne attribute: *Deus vivit.* And  
my soule (saith *Job*) shall live, for my  
*Redeemer liveth.*

And is this life but the childe of  
death? Then blessed also be the  
word *Death*, the mother of life, I  
will no more call thee *Marah*, but  
*Naomi*: for thou art not bitter, but  
sweet, more pleasant, though swif-

ter in thy gate than the Ro or Hinde.  
 The Stoike could say, *Mors est quæ  
 efficit, ut nasci non sit supplicium.* But  
 what saith Saint Iohn? I heard a  
 voice from heaven, saying, *Write; Blef-  
 sed are the dead which dye in the Lord,  
 they dye no more, Death hath no more  
 power over them. All teares are wiped  
 from their eyes. Petronella the daugh-  
 ter of Saint Peter, febre moritur: ro-  
 gatus Petrus, cur non illi faciet aliis suc-  
 curret, hoc illi prestare respondit, It*  
 was better for her to dye.

Compare life with death, and  
 you will clearely see, how death,  
 which seemes to dispossesse us of  
 all, puts us in possession of more  
 than that all:

*Per varios casus, per tot discrimina re-  
 rum,  
 Tendimus in Latium, sedes ubi fata  
 quietas Ostendunt.*

It is but being which we have  
 by birth. A better being is by death:  
*Esse natura est, bene esse gratia, opti-  
 mum esse gloria.* Mans happie being  
 is

is Eternity. Gods proper Name is, Being. Being is our Christen name.

Faine would man bee happie while he lives: But the world will scarce afford him a vacation unto sorrowes. No man can speake him happie, that hath a day to live. *Nescit enim quid serus vesp̄er vebat.* There is divine Philosophy in that saying, *Others bring forth the best wine first, but thou bringest that which is best last.* The end of man is better than man, whose birth is Sin, his life Folly, his death Rottennesse.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, because our father was an *Aurite*, our mother an *Hittite*; And it is but a windie happinesse that is sought in titles taken upon others credit: yet it was happinesse to me, that God wrapt me up in his Covenant, reserved me for a time of truth, delivered me of religious Greeds, and made me a subject to vertuous and gracious Kings. Yet this birth brought me into a world of miseries, allowing no cea-

sing from sorrowes: *Ne natalem quidem excepis.* For crying was the first note of my being, *Calamitatis futura Propbeta.*

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust: but Death brings me to an habitation made without hands, everlasting in the heavens. *Ad excelsa sublatum inter felices currit animus, excipitque illum cœtus sacer;* Where for Love, I shall be a Sonne; for Birth-right, an Heire; for Dignity, a King. Here I have conversed, and had commerce with men, there I shall have communion with Saints, fellowship with Angels; enjoy *visionem illam beatificam*, the immediate fruition of God and Christ.

O happie and safe condition of Gods children, whom paine thus easeth, Death revives, dissolution unites, singlorifies: for we know, saith Saint *Paul*, we that are in this tabernacle doe groane, being burthened, not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon; that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

Old



Old father *Jacob*, when he was told of his son *Iosephs* power in *Ægypt*, was not satisfied to heare of his honours, but enquires of his life: Intimating, that life to come, is better than all the honours that are in *Ægypt*, or fortunes that are on earth. Nor yet did *Iosephs* life content him without his being with him. (For a good heart will be content to share with others in their miseries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happie alone,) and therefore said, I will goe see him: counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walke in desires: for indeed the best things that are, pleasure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of Soule and Bodie at  
their meeting.

**H**APPINESSE communicat-  
ed doubles it selfe; these two  
Confins, Soule and Body, as *Mary*  
and *Elizabeth*, will hasten to meet  
in the Hill-countrie. And what  
then shall be the joy, when soule  
and body separate for a season, (al-  
though in the interim the Soule  
doth not wander and obambulate)  
shall meet againe in joy, and mutu-  
ally enjoy one the other? The soule  
saying to the body, rise up my love,  
my faire one; and come away, for  
loe the Winter is past, the time of  
singing of birds is come.

The sense of this delight and  
contentment did well appeare in  
that meeting betwixt *Iacob* and *Io-  
seph*, when mutuall losse and sepa-  
ration for a while did more endear  
each to other.

In-

Intermission of comfort hath this advantage, that it sweetens our delight more in the returne, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Country, and the Land of Promise, to see his younger sonne *Joseph*, though in *Egypt*? What then shall be the Soules joy, to end a pilgrimage in a strange Land, and goe to see her elder brother *Christ* in heaven? In this respect, *Cupio dissolui* was *Saint Pauls* wish. For this tedious mortality, pleasant it how man can, will grow intolerable, if Death doe not disburden it. Long living so lodes us with sin, as sinne it selfe tyres at last him that loved it best.

It is an Inmate that will roost with us as long as life affords it house-roume, nor will it lodge alone, but still one sin will bring in another.

But through Death, the very body of Death, and burthen of sin, are cast out both together.

Sith then the life I now lead is

beset with Death, tends to Death, ends in Death, I will no longer mistake tearmes, calling that Death which is life, that life which is Death: *Hanc esse mortem, quam nos vitam putamus: Illam vitam, quam nos pro morte timeamus*, but will hold with Saint Augustine.

*Per vitam ad mortem transitus est: per mortem ad vitam reditus est.*



*Death the Regeneration of the Soule.*

**I** Thinke the Pagans had some sense of this, who did celebrate the day of their death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of those Philosophers was divine, who held, that although the Soule of man was then infused when man was made, yet is it new borne when man dyes. His body being the wombe, Death the Midwife which delivers that to sorrow, this to glory.

*Returne thou to thy rest, O my soule,*  
for

for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.

I can no otherwise joy in my birth, than did the Prophet *Jeremiah*, who said, *Let not the day wherein my mother bare me, be blessed.*

If we observe mans ingresse into the world, his progresse in it, his egressse out of it, we must needs wonder, and say with *David*, *Lord, what is man?* And yet he was a King that said it.

*Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget?*

*Quis errat? Solus (beu sortes) homo.*

*Sperat, optat, alget, voluit, explorat, queritur. Malorum omnia plena.*

But to assure there are joyes in Death, what saith the Scripture to well-dying men?

*Rejoyce, and lift up your heads for now your Redemption draweth neere. This body shall rise a glorious body, be a spirituall body, not in substance, but in quality: like that body of the Sonne of God.*

Unto you that feare God, saith the Prophet *Malachy*, *The Sonne of Righteousnesse shall arise with healing in his wings.*

for God but he is bountifully with the  
 I can no otherwise joy in my  
 spirit than did the Prophet  
 Isaiah who said, Let not the day  
 of wrath be for me, but for the  
 day of mercy.

It we observe mans interest in  
 the world, his progress in it, his  
 growth out of it, we must needs  
 wonder and say with David, Lord  
 how many are thy works, And yet he was a  
 King that said it.

Quintus? Quintus? Quintus?  
 Quintus? Quintus? Quintus?  
 Quintus? Quintus? Quintus?  
 Quintus? Quintus? Quintus?

But to assure there are joyes in  
 Death, what saith the Scripture to  
 well-dying men?  
 He that hath done good shall have  
 his reward, and shall not be  
 body shall rise a glorious body, be a spiri-  
 tual body, not in substance, but in  
 glory: like that body of the Sonne  
 of God.

Unsay that I have said, I say  
 the Prophet Isaiah, The Spirit of  
 Righteousness shall be with him  
 and he shall be called.



## The third generall Division.

### III.

*When Death is to be prepared  
for; and how.*

The time when.

**L**ATO, that *Deus Phi-*  
*losophia*, saith, There is  
*nulla salutaris Philoso-*  
*phia*, but *perpetua mortis*  
*meditatio*. And *sine ista*  
*meditatione tranquillo esse animo nemo*  
*potest*. Dreadfull Death laughes at  
the vaine conceits and precepts of  
humane tranquillity. It is, saith  
Scipio, the most honourable Philo-  
sophy,

sophy, to study a mans mortalitie:  
*Mortis meditatio est vita sapientis:*  
 Politikes say, *Tota vita discendum*  
*est vivere.* But saith Seneca, *Hac ma-*  
*gis miraberis, Tota vita discendum est*  
*mori.* The Divine saith best, *Cogita*  
*de fine infinito, & vives in infinitum.*

Fooles would faine doe at last,  
 that which wise men doe at first:  
 Prepare for their end. Carelesse  
 men thinke the Signiory of time is  
 at their command, to doe what they  
 list, when they list. Indeed youth  
 and age are measured by govern-  
 ment, not by time: Time it selfe  
 is *mensura Temporis*: but wee  
 must consider, wee have little  
 power over the present, lesse o-  
 ver the future. Davids example  
 is worth the following, who  
 cryed, *Besimes, Lord, let mee know*  
*mine end, and the measure of my dayes,*  
*what it is, and how long I have to live.*  
*All the dayes of mine appointed time,*  
 saith Job, *I will watch till my chan-*  
*ging shall come.*

Time it selfe, which covers all  
 that's



that's past, and discovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes: Natures time is past, The Law which succeeded is abolished. Now is the Gospels time, after which there shall be no more changes.

Change (the great Master of the world) that hath this time for his Agent, abuseth many with the hope of Time. It is true, There is nothing our owne but time, which is a servant equall to all, holds pace, and flies as fast in idlenesse as in businesse:

So that throug time well spent diminishes our time, yet when it is imployed in timely preparation, it layes up time as treasure for a future time; and thus is rather a husbanding, than consuming of time. *Diem perdidimus*, said *Vespasian*. He lives in safety, that watches his time: but in reckoning of time most men miscast it, counting for first, that which is last; and that last, which is first: beginning the account from the day of birth: where-

as our deaths day, is our first day : for the last of life, is the first day to life, we then ceasing to dye, when we leave to live.

*Solebat dicere Fabianus ; In tria tempora vita dividitur : Quod est, Quod fuit, Quod futurum est : Ex his, quod agimus breve est : Quod acturi sumus, dubium ; Quod egimus, certum.*

Reckon first with time past, and you may make time to come certaine. *Nondum venit hora*, deceives many a man ; but when the Sunne comes to the Meridian, the yeare to the Solstice, then looke for a turning of thy dayes ; Impose an honest and happy necessity upon thy selfe, and thinke of dying timely.

The Scepticks put a *fortasse* upon all things in the world. But saith Saint *Augustine*, There is no one thing in the world to be named, where this word *fortasse* had no place, except you speake of Death : *Hic solum fortasse locum habere non potest.*

It may be said of Death, as is of the Kingdome of Heaven, it comes not by observation. He lives not, that knowes where, when, or how he shall dye. Yet none lives, but knowes he must dye.

*Mors omnibus finis, multis remedium, quibusdam votum: de nullis melius merita, quam quibus accidit, antequam vocaretur.* Therefore said one, *Dementia est*, it is more than folly not to be prepared for death. *Sed si mortem venientem premeditatur, tunc superatur.* The preparation for Death, makes a fruition of life. *Nemo propter canos & rugas diu vixit*; yet never man preserved himselfe from dying, by forgetting Death. Gerson brings in an Englishman asking a French-man, *Quot annos habes?* How many yeares are you? His answer was, *Annos non habeo*, I am of no yeares at all, but Death hath forborne me these fiftie yeares.

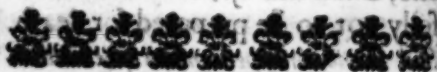
Look at Death thorow a perspective, that so it may seeme at hand, though it be farre off: *Ante senectutem*

*teus curandum bene vivere, in senectute  
bene mori.*

The very Heathens through  
Natures instinct, provided them-  
selves for Death by Sacrifices to  
their gods.

*Frange Toros, Pete vina, Rosas ca-  
pe, Tangere nardos;*

*Ipsa jubet mortis te meminisse Deus.*



*A faire way of dying well.*

**S**Alomon saying, that the day of  
death was better than the day of  
birth, inferred that there was a faire  
way of dying well, whereunto two  
things were most requisite.

First, a timely preparation be-  
fore death was most requisite.

*Nam facile sustinet, qui expectat  
mortem.*

That Oracle of Morall men,  
wise Seneca was wont to say, *Sape  
debemus*

*debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus.* Wee ought often to prepare for death, and will not: at last we dye indeed, and would not. *Cæsar Borgia* being sicke to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing, but Death; now I must dye, and am unprovided to dye.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man, *Sed in hoc errore omnes versamur, quod non putamus nisi senes ad mortem vergere; citamur nec sensu, nec atate. Mors, quo facilius obrepit, sub ipso vitæ nomine latet:* Hee that sees the Basilisk before he be seene of it, avoids the poyson: See death before it comes, you shall not feele it when it comes.

Procrastination is the great enemy to preparation. This *vox Corvina*, that alwayes cryes, *Cras, Cras*, couzens many a man, making him *perdere hodiernum*, trusting upon to morrow. Saith *Tibullus*, *Jam mala finissem letbo, sed credula vitam spes alit, & melius cras fore, semper ait:* but trust not to that: *Ille sapit, quisquis*  
Post-

*Posthume, vixit heri.* We pray daily, Lord give us this day our daily bread. *Dum dicitur, Hodie,* we should remember, Life is but a day, *Dies, non seculum.* Wherefore saith *Salomon, Talk not of to morrow, nescit enim quid superuentura pariat dies.*

By deferring we presume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

*Quod in manu fortune posuitum est, disponimus; quod in tua est, dimittis:* which made the Heathen Poet, *divino furore instinctus, utter hoc salutare carmen.*

*Optima quaque dies miseris mortalibus avi Prima fugit.*

Therefore, *noli tardare,* delay not thy prepare for death, till the approaches of Death. *Recordare novissimum, & non peribis in eternum.*

In evils to be prevented, delay is a kinde of ease, not so in good things.

Doe therefore the worke of the day in *die suo.* No man can promise himselfe a morrow.

*Fleres*

*Fleres, si scires unum tua tempora  
menssem :*

*Rides, cum non sit forsitan una  
dies.*

Every man hath his day. Jerusa-  
lem, haddest thou knowne this but in  
this thy day, thou wouldest not, &c.  
*Est & dies hominis, & dies Domini.*  
When mans day is past, then Gods  
day comes. *Nam vita est nisi vigilia,*  
The eve of another day.

A man, saith Luther, lives fortie  
yeares before he knowes himselfe to  
be a foole ; and by that time he sees  
his folly, his life is finished. So men  
dye before they begin to live.

The case therefore of those men  
is most unhappie, who after fortie  
or fifty yeares of dayes, in their mis-  
spent time (for it was but *tempus*,  
not *vita*.) and now ready to dye,  
are even then to learne how to  
dye, when they are in the Act of  
dying.

*Qua tam stulta mortalitatis ob-  
livio,*

Inde

*Inde velle vitam inchoare ; quò pau-  
ci perduxerimus ?*

To dye well is too busie a worke  
to be done well extempore.

Deferring as well as presuming,  
makes many men implicite A-  
theists.

It was a sweet speech, and might  
well have become an elder body,  
which a young innocent childe of  
my owne used in extremity of sick-  
nesse, Mother, what shall I doe ? I  
shall die before I know what Death  
is. I beseech you tell mee what is  
Death, and how I should dye.  
Death is the known't and un-  
known't thing in the world. *Cer-  
te multum interest, peccare aliquis no-  
lit, an nescio. But there is nil miserius  
morienti, quàm nescire mori, nay, saith  
one, Tolerabilius est non esse, quàm  
nescire mori.*

Sith then it is a thing as well  
naturall as necessary for a man to  
dye, it is no thanks to a man to  
pay that willingly, which he must  
doe of necessity. But in paying of  
this



this debt, wisdome counsels two things :

First, to consider the time when.

Secondly, the meanes, how.

For the time ; Seeke not Death in the error of thy life. Remember thy Creator in the dayes of thy youth, while the evil dayes come not, nor the yeares approach wherein thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in you. Before the silver cord be loosed, the golden Ewer broken : Before the Almond-tree flourish, and the Grasshopper be a burthen : Before the keepers of the house shall tremble, the strong men bow, the grinders cease, they wax darke that looke out of the windows, and the daughters of Adusicke be brought low.

Old Barzillai being in this case, refused all the pleasures of a Kings house, though he was kindly intreated by the King himselfe.

Age or sicknesse will make a man unapt either to compose, or dispose himselfe to death. *Tunc tibi tarda fluunt, ingrataque tempora.* It is no fit time then to prepare to dye, when it is a burthen to live ; So in the

the Law, God required the first fruits, not the lees for his portion. From the wombe of the morning thou hast the dew of thy youth.

Old age it selfe is a young death. Age doth solícite Death, You h scornes it. Thy best health affords but time good enough for this businesse. Therefore dedicate not all thy time to businesse for that as well as sloth may rob thee of thy time. Some talents improve most by laying up.



*Three signes of approaching Death.*

**D**Oe you desire some signes of death, before you prepare your selfe for death? *Tres sunt mortis nuntii, casus, infirmitas, senectus. Casus dubia, infirmitas gravis, senectus certa denunciat. Casus nuntiat mortem latentem, infirmitas apparentem, senectus presentem.* Age and sicknesse summon men to their dissolution.

When

When Ezechiah had beene sicke unto death, he wrote thus: *In the cutting off my dayes, I shall goe to the gates of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I shall walke weakly all my yeares, in the bitternesse of my soule.*

Thus it fareth with every man in age or sicknesse; when a man begins to be sicke, his senses are wholly busied about the disease. The Physician is then conferring with him of the state of his body. The Lawyer is then consulted with about thy worldly state. The Minister touching thy soules health. Thy friends are then unwelcome; Strangers trouble thee; Visits offend thee; thy owne servants cannot please thee; Other mens discourtes tire thee; to speake thy selfe spends thee; and to be silent grieves thee; not to be told how thou doest, vexes thee; to be told how ill thou art, discomforts thee; but it most of all afflicts thee, to see thy wife and children (those peeces of thy selfe in another kinde) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus

*Contemplatio Mortis,*

Thus miserably we poore men at this time are distressed, and distracted, made unfit for any thing. At the houre of death perturbations arising from the greatnesse of griefes, and the neerenesse of death, have great force to disturb the senses, and will disable the heart from lifting it selfe up to God; for where dolours are, there will be our cogitations: every man in paine is prone to love his body better than his soule; therefore it is a madnesse in a businesse of the soule, to tarry and await for the worst disposition of the body. A lover of vertue, at the point of death, will secretly study how to avoid the paines of death, which at other times hee despised. God knowes a due preparation for death, requires all the faculties and strength of a sound, perfect, and whole man.

Thinke not to serve God with thy dotage, when thou hast served thy pleasures with thy youth; God for his service will have the young

*Isaac*

If *use* of thine age. You shall not see my face, saith *Joseph*, except you bring your younger brother with you.

Every man naturally, when he comes neare the goale of death, even for some intrinsecall cause, though unknowne to himselfe, is then weary of himselfe, and entertaines life with a tedious dislike. *Tunc injucunda est rei penitenda recordatio*, distasting every thing, neglecting every thought of all humane affaires.

*Nec juveni lusus qui placere juvant.*

In the straits of death, then he prays, God deliver me; then he thinkes, O how I am straitned till it be accomplished, *Abyssus abyssum invocat*, Sad words, breathing sorrowes.

But this should have been done, when strength of understanding served, *Nam seruum est tunc vivere incipere, cum desinendum.* O *Animas peccatrix*! O *Trepida & negligens*, *quæ dum in vivis fuisti*, Never look to

F heaven;

heaven; *quid* ages, when thou art to depart, *è corpore tantopere amato*. Then to see thy selfe besieged: *hinc doloribus, illinc angustia mortis*; the worme of conscience gnawing, evil spirits tempting to despaire, thine owne thoughts casting up thy sins. *Quid facies anima miserabilis? Quò te vertes? comparere eris intollerabile, latere impossibile*. Therefore be wise, and deferre not thy Repentance to this time, for at this time these perturbations and confusions will make thee unfit, *cogitare de salute*. Saint Augustine sayes well, *Nemo potest male mori qui bene vixit, & bene moritur qui male vixerit*; therefore, *ut tutius possis vivere & mori securum*; Repent betimes.

The little Bee, so soone as flowers spring, goes abroad, viewes the gay Diapery, and the diversitie of the flowery fields, suckes the sweetest of them, fraights her thighs, makes a curious combe, and so betimes hoards up Honey in Summer against the Winter.

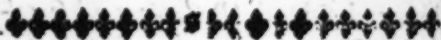
*Mors hyems est; orate ne fiat fuga vestra*

*vestra byeme.* Why is the Winter harder to the Grasshopper than to the Ant? Prudencie in one, and imprudencie in the other differs them. To a wise heart, expectation of the event is a great advantage.

Thinke not thou the winter of thine age, a time fit enough for this worke. *Manna* must be gathered in the morning; the orient pearle is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is past, before you begin. Happie is the man, who improves the dayes of his youth to the prevention of evill: prevision is the best prevention. It is said of Father *Jacob*, who was a great Traveller, that before he dyed, *Pedes suos ad se collegit: Sic tu animi pedes.* Those cogitations and affections, *quibus vivens totum orbem peragrasti*: Gather them up, and then repose to rest. Begin not then to turne to God, when thou canst not turne thee in thy bed. None can bee good too

early. Christ in all his Examples meant our Instructions; he went up to the Temple in his Nonage. The foure Ages of men are resembled to the foure vigils of the night; *Primus pueritiam; Secunda adolescentiam; Tertia virilem; Quarta senectutem adumbrat*: The first and last are sleepe Ages; the other are the vigorous times. Therefore *paret se homo, praeingat se secunda & tertia*. These are the watches Christ mentions for his comming: *Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when he cometh shall finde so doing*: But if that servant say in his heart, my Lord delays his comming; the Lord of that servant will come in a day when he lookes not for him.



*Repentance when to be practised.*

**R**epentance also in the time of sicknesse is commonly as sick as the party, yeelding then, when it cannot resist; and then preparing  
and



and repenting, when all other helps  
and hopes faile.

Eloquent Death, *in die suo*, will  
tell thee, the happinesse of timely  
repentance; an houre here may ob-  
taine a pardon, which all eternitie  
cannot get hereafter.

Trust not long life, nor late re-  
pentance. One saith well, Play not  
the Courtier with your soule. The  
Courtier doth all things late, rises  
late, dines late, sups late, repents  
late.

*Sera penitentia non vana.*

The dew of thy birth is of the wombe  
of the morning.

The end of time affords little  
time, *Omnis motus naturalis velocior*  
*est in fine.* Holy Job tels us, If thy  
bones be full of the firme of thy youth,  
they will lye downe with thee in the dust.

*Sed moriantur ante mortem vitia, &*  
*ad iudicium non sequantur.* When  
death hath foulded up thy dayes, all  
opportunity is past. The Cocke  
crowed; but that *Gallicinium*, so  
shrill a voice could not awake thee.  
Therefore *Cygnicinium*, that dole-

full musicke must end the Scene.

Doe therefore by thy conscience, as men deale with their Stewards, call it to account *ante mortem*, & *audies mortem dicentem*, *Non possis vellicare amplius*; Ply time while you have it, *Mercatum hanc vitam puta, sed nec mundina post hanc vitam nequa sunt loci*.

In a long mis-led life we amasse many sinnes; it will aske great labour to quit them. Great labour and little time suit not. Therefore worke while it is day. The night cometh when no man can worke. Watch and pray, *Sit oratio clavis diei, & seras noctis*: Repent and be converted, said Saint Peter, that your sinnes may be blotted out when the time of refreshing shall come. Few and evil are the dayes of the longest lived man; Yet to every man there is a *Triduum*, a space of three dayes lent, but sleepe not, *usque Quatriduum*, lest it be said, *He hath lyen foure dayes in the grave: Iam fatat*.

One observeth, that God restored life to three men; to one in his bed,

bed, to another on the beare, to the third in the grave.

They that conceive sin in their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his beare. But they that deferre and continue in sinne, are like him that was foure dayes dead and stanke in his grave. The primitive Church called them *Critici Christiani*, Bedred Christians that prepared not for death, but upon their deaths-bed.

There is no safety in procrastinating; therefore flatter not thy selfe by the theeves example, who repented, but in *illa hora*. That is not put for imitation, but to keepe from desperation.

It is a strange thing to see that old men wil not see death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it stand at their backs. The old gray-headed man to seeme young, had coloured his haire blacke, but the devill told him he would not be so cozened.

*Nem omnes fallit, scit te Proserpina  
canam.*

If men marke things well,

*Mundus ipse senescit.*

The common fashion is to put men in minde of their death, when we doubt they cannot live: Till the Physitian finde some ill symptoms, the patient may not be disheartened with the name of death. *Zenas* the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Physician must have given us over, before we will send for *Barnabas* the sonne of Consolation: *Ubi desinit medicus, incipit dominus*, say most men. But at this time draw not the Curtaine before the sicke, but let him see his sins, for he is the good Physician of my soule, that tels me of death, when he sees me live in sinne. But the best physick the patient liketh worst.

There is not any man so wicked, who with his good will would dye in his sin; yet most men so live, as if they beleaved permission were

the

the Article of their faith all their life long : and the Article of Remission of sins were reserved till the point of death. No man that truly repents is refused at any time, but many a one sinnes so long that hee cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with griefe for opportunitie lost, will repent that ever he lived, and would count it happinesse enough to dye, so he might then cease to be. But that will not be, *Quis mors est sine morte, semper vivit, semper occidit, sed nunquam pre-occidit* ; Death hath no death.

That which ends all is without all end. Remember the foolish Virgins : It will be too late to prepare oile, when the Bridegroom is coming. The warning is given, *Be yee ready, for the Sonne of man comes at an houre* : *Non dicis annum, aut mensem, cum ne securus per horam constet.* He saith, *Ecce venio sicut fur* ; that is, when you sleepe best, and thinke least of him : *Dum nec mortem irruentem, nec Iudicem venientem, nec*

*supplicium horrendum vidimus : In Hell men sleepe not, because here they slept where they should have watched.*



*Settlement in Religion, is the best preparative for death.*

**N**OW as it is wisdom to bee prepared for death ; so if you will dye with peace of conscience, and without trouble of minde, be well resolved in point of Religion before you dye : play not the hypocrite, nor the polirick, who cares not what Religion be, so some be ; whose rule is, *Religio ad marem, non ad rem pertinet.*

It is true that honest men must have somewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For policie and Religion doe as well together, as they doe ill asunder. Religion without policy is too simple to be safe : Policie without Religion is too subtil  
till

till to be good. Worse than both is prophane Neutrality, or *Lapidean* coldnesse. Never any man was a loser by beleeving: for faith is ever recompenced with glory; while thou livedst, it was not amisse to make doubts; for it shewes wit to move a question well, and it shewes judgement to resolve well. Some questions argue rather faith than doubt. In multitude of opinions there is but one truth, and amongst sundry truths there is but one necessary to salvation. But in points of difference distinguish. For in reconcileable differences, nothing is more safe than indifferencie. But in maine oppositions be not neuter: for it is a lesse eye-sore to God to goe upright in a wrong way, than to halt in a right way.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you shall finde it a fearfull thing to dye in doubt; and the comfortablest thing under heaven, to be well assured, and cleerely resolved in the truth of your faith before you dye.

Some

Some love to see the object of their faith, and so are led to idolatry: Others to co-operate in the work of their salvation, and so give part to merit. *Nil tibi tribuas*, is safest. There is danger in ascribing too little to grace, for that robs God of honour. But if we ascribe too little to our selves, there is no danger on that side.

When this is done, then be of good cheere, for thou shalt heare Christ (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) say unto thy sicke soule, as he said unto the sinfull woman, *Go in peace, thy faith hath saved thee, enter thou into thy Masters Joy.*

And let all conceited humanists remember what their master Aristotle said when he died: *Anxiu vixi, dubiu moriu: O Deus entium, misere-re mei.*

*Sed parum prodest ambare misere-re mei.*

Now





Now of the way to dye well.

**H**E that would end his dayes well, must spend them well : *Non est res magna vivere : Hoc omnes sciunt : sed pauci bene moriuntur. Et illi Adors gravis incubat, qui notus nimis omnibus, ignotus moritur sibi.* Man is ready to dye before he lives, but therefore liveth a time in the world, that hee may dye betimes to the world. *His yeeres come to an end as a tale that is told :* his dayes deceive him, for they passe as a shadow by Moonshine, then appearing longest, when they draw nearest to an end.

Things give counsell unto men, better than men doe to the things. Here we dwell but in Tents ; and Tents, we know, are set up to be taken downe againe shortly.

We that live here, live by death ; for had not Christ dyed, we had not lived ; he dyed for sinne, we live in

sin

fin. Therefore with S. Paul I will say, *My life is not deare unto me, so as I may finish my course with joy.*

Doe you desire to live a long time? The Son of Sirach saith, *A man that is made perfect in a short time, fulfils a long time. Et vita ipsa, si scias uti, longa est.* The Spaniard saith, *Vir bonus bis vivit.*

*Ampliat etatis spatium sibi vir bonus; hoc est, vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.* He lives twice that bestowes the fore-part of his life well.

*Vincere scis Hannibal, uti victoris nescis.*

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by victories, not by dayes; So should good men count their dayes by the good they doe, or the sin they conquer in that day.

Numbring of dayes, saith Saint Augustine, is not *numerus dierum qui sit*, but *qui sit*, that's the golden number.

*Tres sunt dies hominum*, saith Saint Hierome, *dies conversionis, dies conversationis, dies resurrectionis.* And thus doth one day certifie another.

Time

Time lent us flies away in the time that is lent us, every moment comming, being the death of that is past : Therefore weigh well every least moment ; for it is of so great moment, as that upon it depends eternity of time to come, that eternity which is not bounded within the Kalendar of time ; After a hundred thousand yeares eternity is still as long as it was.

**T**He Art of dying well is better learn't by practice, than by precept.

Unto dying well three things are most requisite :

- 1 First, to be often meditating upon death.
- 2 Secondly, to be dying daily.
- 3 Thirdly, to dye by little and little.



*The first step of dying well.*

**O**Ften meditation of Death, brings a man to dye in ease ; for it alleviates pains, expels feares, eases

eases cares, cures sinnes, corrects Death it selfe. The very thought of eternitie will please and make easie all things we suffer in a miserable life.

*Quomodo non mirimur, cum vivimus mortuis?* We live with so many deaths about us, as we cannot but of ea thinke of dying.

Every humour in us engenders diseases enow to kill us, so that our bodies are but living graves, and we die, not because we are sicke, but because we live. And when we recover from sickness we escape not sickness, but the disease: All this life is but a Death of an houre.

Doe as the Preacher counsels; What thou hast to doe, that doe quickly; For in the grave, whither thou goest, there is neither worke, nor discourse, nor travell, nor wisdom, nor conversation, nor fruition of any thing; all is entombed in sadness, darknes over a lowing it.

Play then the wise mans part: Measure not life, *spatio sed actu*. Life is ordained for Action, not for fruition.

tion. If thou hast any good to doe for the Church, the Commonwealth, or thy Friends, *fac cito*: for though he be happiest that can enjoy a little with the peace of an honest heart, yet if thou hast much goods laid up in store, make thee friends with thy Mammon: *nam bona tua sunt bona, si tu sis bonus*. Though Security rests in a meane state, yet there is pleasure in abundance; and for spirituall ends, temporall blessings may be desired. *Abraham* was rich in great measure; but rich in faith above measure. But sing not a requiem to thy soule; nor say vainly, *Vivamus dum vivimus*, for fortune, *ut volet, ordinet*: for so doth a mind uncertaine of successe, releeve it selfe with possibility: *Sed si cor tuum non esset fatuum, non crederes fatuum*. Wisdome is Fortunes mistresse, wait on her, and remember, *Hæc nunc*, the day of vanity being past, the night of Judgement comes: when both light and delight goe out together.

Excellently doth the Booke of  
Wisdome

Wisdome descry the thoughts of a vaine voluptuous man, one that thinks himselfe *deus terra*, when he is but *terrens deus*. This man reasoning with himselfe but not aright, saith, Our life is short and tedious, against Death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning; we are borrie at all adventures, and hereafter shall be as if we had never beene: Our breath is smoake, a little spark in our hearts, which being extinct, our bodie turnes to ashes; and our spirit vanishes like soft aire: Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are present, let us fill our selves with costly wine and oynments: let no flowre of the Spring passe by us: Let us crowne our selves with Rose-buds, leave tokens of our jollity; for this is our portion, and our lot: let our strength be the law of Justice: for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous man is not for our turne, he is alwayes contrary to  
our

our doings, he upbraideth us with the law, objects to our infamie the transgression of our education : He was made to reprove us : Hee is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other mens, his wayes are of another fashion.

Such things these vaine men have imagined, but they are deceived : when they cast up the account of their owne finnes, they shall come with feare, and say with sorrow, This was he whom we had sometimes in derision, and made a pro- verbe of reproach. We fooles accounted his life madnesse, and his end to be without honour.

But how is he now numbred amongst the happie, and his lot amongst the Saints ? what hath pride profited us, or what hath riches with our vantings brought us ? All these are passed away like a shadow, and as a post that runneth by. This verifies that saying, *Breve est quod delectat, sed eternum quod cruciat.*

In vaine doth man strive to have that which he cannot enjoy, or to enjoy

enjoy much by meere relation. The rich man hath not so much advantage of the poore by enjoying, as the poore hath of the rich by leaving.

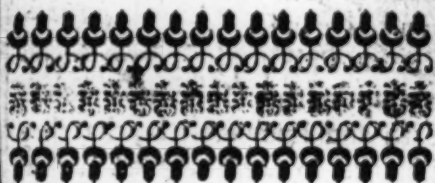
Sadly and suddenly shalt thou finde all worldly pleasures turned into waking dreames.

*Dormierunt somnium suum, & nihil invenerunt omnes viri divitiarum,* saith the Psalmist.

Notwithstanding, man while he lives, fancies many things, and covets without end, but all to no end. *Et quæ parasti, cuius erunt?* Either they passe from you, or you from them. *Non est nostrum, quod non est semper nostrum:* but these things, *Si non habent finem suum, habebunt finem tuum.* All the towers in the ayre that thou hast built, *uno instanti prosternentur.* Ere long two ells of earth shall serve, whom scarce a world could satisfie.

Private





*Privacie with death, a so-  
veraigne cordiall against*  
DEATH.



Herefore be acquainted  
with Death betimes,  
for through acquaint-  
tance Death will lose  
his horreur; like un-  
to an ill face, though it be as formi-  
dable as a Monster, yet often view-  
ing will make it familiar, and free it  
from distaste: walke every day with  
*Ioseph* a turne or two in thy Gar-  
den with Death, and thou shalt be  
well acquainted with the face of  
Death, but shalt never feele the sting  
of Death, Death is blacke, but come-  
ly. *Philoftrates* lived seven yeares in  
his tombe, that he might be ac-  
quainted

quainted with it against his bones came to lye in it.

Some Philosophers have beene so wrapt in this Contemplation of death and immortalitie, that they discourse so familiarly and pleasingly of it, as if a faire death were to be preferred before a pleasant life.

This is well for Natures part; and Moralists think this is enough for their part to conceive so : But Christians must goe further, and search deeper : They must trie where the power of Death lyes. They shall finde that the power of every mans death lyes in his owne finnes.

That death never hurts a man, but with his owne weapon : It alwayes turnes upon us some sinne it findes in us. *The sting of death is sin*: Plucke out the sting, death cannot hurt us. The way to dye well, is to die often. Let a man often and seriously thinke of dying, then let him sin if he can, said *Piccolomini*. And herein is our happiness

ness; though we live in sin, yet we dye without sin. Therefore to me death is welcome, not as an end of troubles, but of sin.



*The second Step.*

**T**He second Step to dying wel, is to dye daily.

*Morior ne moriar, I die daily, saith Saint Paul. Singulos dies; singulas vitas puta; qui enim omnes dies tanquam vitam ordinat, crastinum nec optat, nec timet.*

The old saying is a good one, Doe that every day, which thou wouldest doe the same day that thou dyest. *Bonum est consumere vitam ante mortem:* But most men de vita exeunt, *antequam de morte cogitant.* Let be done willingly, what we must doe necessarily, and what we can doe but once, let that be done well: Yeeld that readily as a gift, which you must pay as a debt

at

at last. Did men thinke that death were onely an end of life, and no more: every man for his own ends would be a disturber of the worlds peace while hee lived, and make his owne peace but just when he dyed.

He that dyes daily, seldome dyes dejectedly: *facile contemnit mortem, qui se quotidie moriturum putat*: likewise, hee that will live when hee dyes, must dye while he lives. For if he dye not to sin while he lives, his sin will live in him when he is dead.

*The widow that lives in pleasure (saide Saint Paul) is dead while she lives.* Live holily, and you shall die happily: Live as though there were no Gospell, but die as though there were no Law. *Studetis talem esse in vitâ, qualem velis reperiri in morte.*

Two



*Two sorts of Death whereto every man  
living is subject.*

**A** Living man is subject to a  
double death: The one na-  
turall, the other spirituall. Natu-  
rall Death doth but separate the  
body from the soule: But spiritu-  
all Death separates the soule from  
God. Of all other, it is the most  
desperate state of life to live natu-  
rally, and to be dead spiritually:  
*Thou hast a name to live, but thou art  
dead,* said Saint Iohn of the Church  
of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigall child  
returned from his evill wayes, it is  
said, *This my sonne was dead, but is  
now alive.*

In *Sardis* there grew an herbe  
called *Appinum Sardis*, that would  
make a man lye laughing when he  
was deadly sicke: Such is the ope-  
ration of Sin. Beware therefore of  
this *Risus Sardonicus*.

G

We

Wee count it a fearfull thing for a man to be author of his owne death, but a sinfull life slayes the soule, and so while we live, we kill or lose our better life. The Commandement that sayes, *Thou shalt not kill*, specially forbids the murdering of our owne soules.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worst death.

<sup>-13</sup> It is therefore holy wisdom for a man to let his sins dye before him. *Moriantur ante te vitia*, They actually, thou virtually: that is when thou art to die indeed, thou have nothing else to doe, but dye.

*Mortem horres amaram, subitam, turbulentam: vis placidam, piam, quietam? in tua est potestate, qualem vis, efficere.*

If Riches, Honours, Pleasures, have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and say unto them, as Job said to his friends, *Miserable comforters are you all.*

*Turba ejicitur, ut puella excidetur,*  
faith

With Saint *Marke*. Thy Soule lyes  
as that Damosell in trances of  
death, while shee is in the cham-  
bers of pleasure, and is not raised  
to life ; *Antequam turba curarum  
& deliciarum mundanarum ejiciatur.*

There is nothing wherein wise-  
dome is more seene than in the tem-  
perate use of pleasures and prospe-  
rity ( which are but false notes of  
truth ) nor is there a truer argu-  
ment of folly than vainnesse and  
excesse.

*Oculi stultorum semper in finibus  
terre,* but traile not after them.

*Sufficit diei dolor sui :* A dayes  
sicknesse will make us sensible of  
lifes griesse ; yet if life doe delight  
thee ( because Ironies doe deny  
strongest in affirming ) *utere & fru-  
re.* But take my counsell, keepe  
life in exercise of some calling.  
For you shall find that exercise is  
no more wholesome for the body  
than the soule ; *Non est res delicata  
vivere ;* Wee must labour in some  
calling : wherefore to see well-  
borne men to despise honest cal-  
lings,

lings, as now adayes they doe, is a pride without wit. And though pride and idlenesse have at this day banished thrifty diligence out of great mens houses, yet we see gallant *Abisalom* was a great Sheep-master; *Uzziah* the potent King of Judah had not beene so great a King, had he not beene so great a Husband: Good examples to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, must be built upon the grounds of Frugality: Frugality and Humility are thriving vertues: Were a calling but to keepe a man from idlenesse, it were a goodnesse: for the industrious man is seldome at leisure to sinne; whereas the idle man hath neither leisure nor power to avoid sinne. Industry in any calling makes a man capable of better imployment, whereas Idles are fit for nothing but temptations.

Time spent in hollow visits, idleness, Courtings, Fantastick dressings, Lawlesse disports, all turne to losse.

But



But however thou entertainest  
 life, use it as a traveller doth his  
 Inne, for a night, and away: *Heri  
 appulisti, Cras decedes*: And in thy  
 Journey follow not the common  
 tracke, *Nam ad Deum faciens iter  
 per trita fitur, longius abitur*: Eue-  
 doe as a doubtfull Pilgrime, aske  
 questions of every one you meet,  
 to set you on your way, lest; as  
 Saint Paul saith, *A promise being  
 made us of entring into rest, we come  
 short of it*. Herein bee as great a  
 questionist, as were those religi-  
 ons Ladies of Rome, who never  
 let Saint Hierome rest for questions,  
 which was the readiest way to hea-  
 ven: The world is full of ques-  
 tions, but the best question in the  
 world is that of the young man in  
 the Gospell; *Good Master what shall  
 I doe that I may have eternall life?*  
 Some mens Questions are instru-  
 ctions, and are meant to teach ra-  
 ther than to learne. Yet in any  
 case bee none of those Querists,  
 who must have a reason for every  
 thing in Religion, who thinke to

come to God by cunning, and by reason, not by Faith. As if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true, Humane reason well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill should make men *Atheists*, when we finde it in the Gospell, that no men were so apt to see the Starre of Christ, as those wise men, the Disciples of Philosophie.

Be dying daily, and you shall soone come to God. If a man would compare the forenoone of his age with the afternoons, and observe how long the one is, and how short the other is, every man would be dying daily, and loth to lose a day.

*Palmaris posuisti dies meos*, according to *Dauids* measure life is but a Span, the longest liver hath but a handfull of dayes, and life it selfe like a circle, alwayes begins where it ends.

*Erat, quando non erat; sederit.*

Time

Time was, when man was no  
but how late a beginning forever  
man had, yet after death he shall be  
sure never to see end; therefore re-  
member the Christian motto, *An-  
nos aternos semper in mente habe.*

With the Ancient of dayes there  
are no dayes: And the time shall  
be when time shall be no more. *Supra est quod superest.*



*Two common errors.*

**T**Here are two common errors  
which deceive most men:

First, that a man enters not  
into eternal life till he dyes: where-  
as his calling here begins his life  
eternall.

*This day is salvation come unto thy  
house,* said Christ to *Zacharias*, when  
he called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time, and makes  
things future, present.

A pious man so lives here, as if  
his conversation were in heaven,

carrying himselfe not only honestly, civilly, and humanely ; but beyond naturall comportment : his present life seemes superhumane, divine, and spirituall ; and so by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Blessed is he, saith Saint Paul, that hath his part in the first Resurrection, for the second death shall have no power over him.*

The second error is, however a man lives, yet if at last he seeme to dye well, then all is well, and his soule is sure to be saved : this is a bold and a dangerous conceit ; for though Misery be the object of Mercy, and Hope the miserable mans god, yet humane life as it hath not a greater friend, so many times not a greater foe than Hope. *Dilatio boni habet rationem mali ;* suspended hope is but a sad comfort.

Yet many would dye, did not hope sustaine them : but more have dyed flattered with vaine hope.

*Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdome of heaven.*

Enter

Enter into the first degree of life eternall here, or thou must dye eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon us* in thy mouth.

Wherefore I desire to have my part here in the first Resurrection, which is from sinne to Grace: that so I may enjoy the second Resurrection, which is from dust to Glory.

*Thou hast brought mee, saith David, out of the dust of Death.*



*To dye by little and little, the third step.*

**T**He third step to dying well, is to dye by little and little. Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our mindes, the strength of our bodies, our common senses are every day decaying, *paulatina*, by little and little.

in uall death. *Impiè vivere est diu mori*; Therefore saith the good man, *Toto die mortificamur.*

He that useth this course every day to dye by little and little, to him let Death come when it will, it can neither be terrible nor sudden.

If we keepe a Courser to runne a Race, wee lead him daily ore the place to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when hee comes upon his speed, he doe not start or turne aside for any thing he sees. So let us inure our soules, and then wee shall *runne with boldnesse the race that is set before us.*

To dye by little and little, is first to mortifie our lesser finnes, and not to say with Lot, *Li't not a little one?*

We may not wash our hands of crying, and from bloudy finnes, and hug in our bosomes beloved, and Herodian finnes, finnes of higher tincture: *Hoc est tolerare, non tollere peccata.* Saint *Augustine* sayes fine-

ly,

ly, *Delicta dilecta sunt relinquenda* : Men commonly discard those sins they can best spare, but retaine those they love best, and by changing them into better termes, would turne them from being sins, as Pride, that discontented sinne, must be counted State : Vanity, Civility ; Dissimulation, Courtship ; Anger, Courage ; Wantonising, a trick of youth ; Swearing, *Genus quoddam sermonis, non peccati* ; but take heed, specially of these sins, that make a vertue a sin, and sin to seeme a vertue.

*Multa enim vitia se virtutes esse mentiantur.* A man, saith *Plato*, may doe ill, but to disguise it, or defend it, is to outface Truth. Sinnes property is to worke upon some vice, but to be proud in it at you are not proud, is a Phoenix pride. So to bee drunke for company is a sinne worse than sinne, for other sinnes move shame, but hide it ; this displayes it. Therefore forced healths at great feasts is a barbarous fashion : At *Assuerus* feast

least every mans rule was his owne choyce, and the civility of very Pagans commanded liberty of their cups.

It is hard to commit a single sin, yet of sinners if either party bee wise, both may escape.

They cannot want retentives from sin; that live either amongst friends or enemies, for friends may not be grieved, enemies may not be provoked.

Be wise therefore in good-fellowship, no man is so wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices, for betwixt some vices there is an Antipathy, nor is any man so lewd as not to bee sometimes in good moods, and dislike some sins: the world were not to live in, if all sins were affected by all men: But certainly great sins will never be conquered, if little sins be cherished: small penitents will easily part with so much of their sin as may abate nothing of their profit.

There bee also a sort of little deaths, as sicknesse of bodie, losse



of friends, and the like. Use these in their kinde, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Modest beginnings have hopeful proceedings, and happy endings; proceed therefore by degrees: the Prophet *David* went, *suspensa gradu*, step by step, and so compassed Gods *Altar*, God himselfe made nothing absolute at first. This great God loves to have degrees kept.

Degreeingly to grow to greatness is the course of the world.

Wherefore they say in Court, He is out of the danger of folly, whom a speedy advancement leaves wife.

*Omnis mutatio est quadam mortis imitatio.* Let a man goe out as he came into the world, which was, first by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Sense*, afterwards of *Reason*.

*David* prescribes us this order, when he sayes, *Docce me & duce me, Domine.* He will not run, till he be taught to goe.

*Teach me to doe thy will, and*

leade mee, O Lord, into the Land.

What Land is that? There is *terra quam terimus*; Land on earth, which by labour yeelds us all pleasure: that's not it.

There is *terra quam gerimus*, refined earth, beautified bodies which we beare about us, nor is this it.

There is *terra quam quarimus*; the glorious Land of Promise, that's the Land we seeke. Into this Land, *Duce me, Domine*.



*For the manner of dying.*

**A**mongst men it is a matter of chiefe marke, the manner of a mans death: *Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus*.

Before you dye set your house in order: He that hath not a house yet hath a soule: no soule can want affaires to set in order, for this small dissolution.

The chiefe grace of the Theater

ter is the last Scene. It is the Evening that crownes the day, and we thinke it no good signe of a faire morrow, when the Sunne sets in a cloud : *Finis coronat opus.* Yet I perswade my selfe, that night cannot but be happy, whose day hath beene holy.

*David* in a deepe contemplation upon the manner of mans dying, ingeminates the word, saying, *Domine, Domine, exitus Mortis, The issues of death belong to thee.*

Live religiously, and thou shalt dye comfortably.

All men, as men, dye naturally ; as Christians should dye religiously. The good man can equally live, or dye ; for he knowes if he live, God will protect him ; if he dye, God will receive him.

*Bee faithfull unto death, and I will give thee a Crowne of life, saith Christ.*

Most men with a short Death, because Death is alwayes accompanied

panyed with paine, *Morimur gementes*; To lye but an houre under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day we thinke beyond the strength of humane patience: He that desires to be dissolved and be with Christ, dyes not patiently, but lives patiently, and dyes delightfully. Happy he that after due preparation, dyes ere he be aware; So is he happy that by long sickness sees Death as farre off; for the one dyes like *Elias*, the other like *Elisba*, both blessedly.

The best posture to be found in when Death comes, is in the exercise of our calling, *Preſſe*, saith Saint Paul, towards the marke, for the prize of the high calling.

When thou art heavy unto death, then shew a lively Faith; for at that time a stupid patience is worse than passion.

When thou art speechlesse, use that *Silentium loquens*, Teares from thy heart. *Tacuit Petrus, sed fleuit*, and it was counted to him for elo-

A teare is but a condensed pearle,  
a pearle but a dissolved teare : At  
this time turne words into teares,  
and they will turne pearles. Hee  
that made the mouth is not taken  
with words.

*A broken and a contrite heart, O  
Lord, thou wilt not despise.*

When thou art dying, lye sor-  
rowing for thy sins, yet not de-  
spairing ; for there is joy in griefe,  
where the sorrow is for finnes. *I  
am the man, saith Jeremie, that have  
sorrowes :* But this *Dolor peccati*  
makes *gaudium doloris*. There is  
more joy in heaven for one sinner that  
repenteth, then, &c.

Before thou dyest, vow thy soule  
to God, *nam qui iubet ut vocemur,*  
*juvat ut reddat.* Offer sacrifice up-  
on the Altar of thy heart : If thou  
hast not a Lambe, that is, mecke-  
nesse ; or a Bullocke, that is, boun-  
tifulnesse ; yet a Pygeon, that is,  
well-wishing ; or a payre of Tur-  
tles, that is, *Gemitus* ; a sound  
of

of sorrow that thou hast no better. As God loves not empty hands, so he measures fulnesse by the affection.

Those that have most studied men and stories, doe observe that the greatest men, and best wits, when once they come to find their owne mortality, doe then with strongest resolution quit the world, apply wholly to devotion, and so end their dayes with most quietude in peace.

A good man, by his good will, would dye praying, and doe as the Pilgrim doth, goe on in his way singing, and so addes the paine of singing, to that of going; Yet by this surplus of paine, unwearies himselfe of paine.

But some wretches thinke God rather curious, than they faulty, if a few sighes, with a [ Lord have mercy upon us ] be not enough at the last gaspe.

Weaknesse must not argue, but yeeld; God hath said it, and they shall finde it.

*Not*

Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdome of heauen, but hee that doth the will of my Father which is in heauen.

Commonly good men are best at last, even when they are dying; for they seldome dye of a sin-sicknesse.

The sicknesse of the soule hath this advantage of the bodies sicknesse. It never languishes under the Physicians hand: when it seemes at worst, then it is best: no sooner saith *David*, I am sicke; but *Nathan* tels him, Thou art well: no sooner sayes, *I have sinned*, and must dye, but the Prophet tels him, *The Lord hath put away thy sinne, thou shalt not dye*. Thus doth repentance make pardon coetaneous with the fault.

But it is just with God that they who live without repentance, should dye without comfort. Woe is him whose bed is made in hell. Know this and beleeve it, all our happinesse here is holinesse, and holinesse hereafter, shal be our happinesse.

There

There is no spectacle in the world so profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying man, to stand by, and see a man disman-  
ned. Curiously didst thou make man in the lowest part of the earth, saith David: but to see those elements, which compounded, made the body, to see them divided, and the man dissolved, is a rufull sight. So dependent is the life of man, that it cannot want one element; fire and ayre, these flye upward; water and earth, these sinke downward; so living man becomes a dead car-  
kaffe. The breath of man goeth out, he turnes againe to earth, and then all his thoughts perish. And what is man but for his thoughts?

Every dying man carries heaven and earth wrapt up in his bosome, and at this time each part returnes homeward.

Seneca thought a man might chuse his owne death, which was some ease to him. *Quemadmodum navim eligam navigaturus, & domum habitaturus: Ita mortem utique quã*  
sum



*sum exiturus è vitâ.* But better saith another, *Stulte hæc cogitantur : vitans aliis approbare quisquam debet, mortem vero sibi.*

But since it is so great a matter to dye, so necessary to dye well, so dangerous to dye ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is wel adventured, where it is a gaine to lose it.

Certainly death hath great dependencie on the course of mans life, and life it selfe is as fraile as the body which it animates.

*Augustus Cesar Bonam mortem putabat celerem, & insperatam, quæ nullâ ægritudine pulsârat fores :* so often as hee heard of a man that had a quicke passage, with little sense of paine, he wished for himselfe that *Enthanasie* : While he lived he used to set himselfe between his two friends, *Suspiria & Lacryma* ; when he dyed hee called for his looking-glasse, commanded to have his haire and beard kembered, *Et Malas latentes corrigi,* his riveled cheekes smoothed up :  
Then

Then asking his friends if he had acted his part well, *Cum ita responderint, vos omnes igitur inquit plaudite.*

Alexander the Great did aske the Indian Philosopher how long a man should live; saith he, Untill he thinke it better to dye than live: but Saint Paul is our best patterne, who being weary of the world, desiring to be dissolved, cryed out (*voce tamen desiderantis, non desperantis*) O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver mee from this body of death!

There bee many that chuse rather to dye quickly, than to live long sickely, *Vitam desiderant non longam, sed brevem*, yet better were it for them, *aliquando egrotare*, than *continuè valere*. For *vitiosa sanitas*, will make them thanke Nature, and forget God.

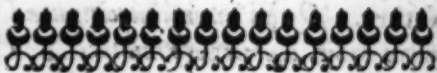
Some on the other side will invite Death to doe them the kinnesse to take them soone out of the world, counting a short death the happiest passage of a mans life, yet

yet a little while, and he that shall come, will come, and will not tarry. If life come once to be a displeasure, then death comes to doe us a pleasure, and for this (saith Tully) a man is most beholding to Nature. *Quod unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitum vero multos. Sed non sic itur ad astra.* Christians know better wayes, as how to live in grace, that they may die in peace. *In pace ad pacem:* and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reserved.

O saith a good man, how safe is the condition of Gods children, whom very paine easeth, death revives, sin glorifies!

Yet there is not the strongest body, nor holiest Saint on earth, but at point of death, is subject to some trepidations and qualmes of feare. For the soule which comes into the body without any sensible pleasure, goes not out of the body without the sense of paine. And it troubles many a good soule to see men of the best lives, so have distem-

distempered and perplexed ends;  
Some raving, some despairing, some  
dying suddenly, and seldome any  
have so bitter draughts, as those  
whom God loves best.



*Naturall distempers.*

**I**T is fit therefore to take notice  
of the natural causes. Despaire in  
dying, may as well arise from weak-  
nesse of nature, as from trouble of  
minde: but by neither of these can  
hee bee prejudiced that hath lived  
well.

*Marke the righteous, and behold the  
perfect, for the end of that man is peace:*  
His body may be sick, but his mind  
is sound, for *God maketh all his bed  
in his sicknesse, and in the instant of  
a sharpe separation his Soule findes  
it selfe happie, for he knowes, Si  
durius seponitur, melius reponitur,*  
though it be put off painfully, yet  
is it laid up joyfully.

Raving,

Raving, and other strange passions, are many times rather the effect of the disease, than moving from the minde. For upon Deaths approaches, choler fuming to the braine will cause distempers in the most patient soule. In these cases the fairest and truest Judgement to be made, is, that sins of sicknesse, occasioned by violence of disease in a patient man, are but sins of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill signes or presages; *Filium tantarum lacrymarum*, cannot but be saved, said the good Matron, when shee saw her son at worke: I will not despaire in respect of that mans impatient dying, whom the worne of conscience had not devoured living.

Seldome any enter into glory with ease: Yet the Jewes say of *Moses*, his soule was sucked out of his mouth with a kisse: some have their passion in death, that is bitter, because it is inward: some before death, that is better, because it is outward.

David in this case, the better to make his way, prayed and cryed, *Lord, spare me a little, O spare mee, that I may recover my strength before I goe hence and be no more.*

Indeed to Ezechias some yeares of dayes were lent, but we are not worthy of that favour, we must not expect that God will bring backe the shadow of degrees when once it is gone downe in the dyall of *A-baz*; we must time it as we may, and be content to live and dye at uncertainties.

Therefore as a sick man hearkens to the clock, so let us watch death. For sudden coming of death, finding a weak soule unprepared, makes it desperate, and leaves it miserable.

What



*What death it is to be accounted  
sudden.*

**S**udden death of it selfe is not  
therefore evill, because it is sud-  
den, but because it may take us a-  
way suddenly, our soules unprepa-  
red. The good man never dyes un-  
prepared, because his perseverance  
in goodnesse, is a providence a-  
gainst sudden death.

To a man well prepared, sudden  
death is but a quicker passage, and  
is not to be accounted a sudden  
death, but a sudden departure, be-  
cause it came not unlookt for.

Though the righteous be pre-  
vented by Death (saith the Booke  
of Wisdome) yet shall he be at rest,  
because he hath made his peace be-  
fore-hand. His departure is no mi-  
sery, for his hope is full of eterni-  
ty. *Ezechiel* the Prophet (so often  
stiled *Sonne of man*) to him God  
H 2 sayes,

sayes, I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes, (which was his wife) with a stroke suddenly, and yet thou shalt not weepe.

Let not present pleasures of life allure, nor cares thereof possesse thee, then cannot sudden death surprise thee.

*Improvisa nulli Mors, cui provida Vis;* But if a man doe not prepare to dye, he may live seven yeares in a consumption, and yet dye a sudden death. For any time is sudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their marke amisse who judge a man by his outward behaviour in his death. If you know the goodnesse of a mans life, misjudge him not by any strangenesse of his death.

Though other men can best judge of our actions, yet a mans heart can best judge of himselfe. When a man comes to be judged; his life, and not the manner of his death, shall give the evidence with, or against him. Many that live wickedly, would seeme to dye holily;



lily; more for feare to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodnesse. To these men there is *malum triplex, quod maxime in septima.* Which is *Horror in exitu, Dolor in transitu, Pudor in conspectu Dei.* If my life please God, I am sure my death shall pleasure me: Christ never leaves any of his at parting. *Elisba* would not leave *Elijah*, though he put him off twice, because he knew there was a blessing to come when they parted. It is a great happinesse to dye in ease. That mans end is easie, whom Death findes with a weake body and a strong soule. *Quis tam facile, quando vult, dormit,* as hee that layes downe his life in peace? The ayre is commonly calmest at noone.

*Aristotle* gives the reason; *Quia tunc vincit aut vincitur:* So is it with the soule of man at the point of death.

Yet a good man doth not alwayes dye in exercise of his goodnesse, but as a wise man when he

H 3      sleeps,

sleepes, leeseeth not his knowledge, no more doth a good man his graces, though hee dye in distemper; for habitudes of goodnesse doe not then leave him, though they cannot then doe their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion if a man dye quietly, and goe away like a lambe (which in consumptions and dull diseases, most men doe) then sure he goes to heaven; but if he be distempered, and of franticke behaviour (which happens to many through extreme inflammations) then sure he goes to hell; This is a judgement from Nature, and not of Religion, and in this case trust not naturall judgement, for it is arted with subtilties of Rnyficke: Man workes by likely meanes, God many times by contraries.

He that can shut his eyes every night with a quiet conscience, shall meet with least disturbances when Death shall close his eyes at last; nor will he care who shuts up his earthen

earthen eyes, when Death it selfe opens his soules eyes. Then shall we see more with these shut eyes, than ever we could doe open eyed: Saint Paul was therefore stricken blinde, that the eyes of his spirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy, and peace in a dying man, is a hopefull behaviour: Yet we see the cleare starres that are so delightfull to behold, bring forth their Rayes by sparkelings, and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travell and hard assayes: So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languors, many agonies, many iterated endeavours, travelling of Death as in a Child-birth, sorrowes, torments, paines being then Deaths Agents; But if the passages of the soule lye open to God without interposition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egressse with a sweetnesse, and that without disturbance.

Naturall causes will have their

operations ; but it is the God of Nature that commands them, it is his propertie sometimes to worke supernaturally by Nature. Dispute not with God ; give Nature leave to cavill, and we cannot be good Christians.

But trust to this, Belceve aright, and live as you beleeve, and you cannot but dye in safety. If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world, so fix you to the world, as to desire longer life ; Prolongation is no pleasure, but so long as it goes well with us, *Sapè in hoc esse, Benè, non diu*. Shortnesse of life is no unhappinesse, *Citius mori vel tardius, ad rem non spectat ; benè mori aut male, ad rem spectat*.

The Booke of Wisdome saith, He was soone taken away, lest it should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soule.

*In principio mundi, cum homines viverent in majori simplicitate, Deus dedit eis longam vitam ; postquam crescebat*

*creſcebat hominis malitia & temporis  
abusus, tunc abbreviauit Deus eorum  
dies.*

Had present Death beene evill,  
or long life good, *Cain* had beene  
ſlaine, and *Abel* had ſurvived; but  
Death commonly beginnes firſt,  
where God loves beſt: *His ſoule*,  
ſaith the Sonne of *Syrach*, pleaſed  
God; therefore haſted hee to take him  
away.

Seldome is excellencie in any  
kinde long lived; we ſee the beſt  
men live not longeſt: and indeed it  
were injurious to wiſh that good-  
neſſe ſhould hinder any one from  
happineſſe.

The beſt cannot be happy but by  
diſſolution, their dying being but  
a change, going from evill to good;  
hopes putting in them ſuch a new  
life, as they care not to change the  
old.

The lives of all creatures elſe  
are loſt to us, ours but changed to  
God.

If the wicked man live long, it  
is but to aggravate his judgement;

if hee dye soone, it is but to hasten it.

One man seemes to dye casually, another violently, both by destiny, all men by dectee.

*Et quem dederat cursum natura, peregi*, said the Poet; but the Divine tels us, that *vita presentis finem talem esse decet, qualem futura est principium*: Nor is the place materiall where wee dye, so wee dye well.

*Moses* dyed upon one hill, *Aaron* upon another hill, but both where they might see the Land of Promise; *Felix conspectus*.

Be as ready to die as *Moses* was, when there was no more betweene God and him, but, *Moses*, goes up and dye. With such a sociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a feast.

*Nec mihi Mors gravis est  
posituro morte labores.*

— *Mors mihi merces erit.*

All motions tend to rest.

Returne

Returne then to thy Rest, O my soule,  
for God hath dealt bountifully with  
thee.



Assurance of life after death.

**A** Wake and sing, saith the Pro-  
phet Esay, yee that dwell in  
dust, for thy dew is the dew of herbs,  
and the earth shall cast out her dead.  
Thy dead men shall live, with my body  
shall they rise.

For reall assurance both to our  
bodies and our soules, there are  
three bodily Inhabitants already  
gone to heaven.

Enoch before the Law, Eliab un-  
der the Law, Christ under the Go-  
spell; yet for further assurance, Ipse  
dixit, Christ himselfe hath said it,  
Because I live, yet shall live also. I am  
the Resurrection and the Life. Qui  
credit in me, etiam si mortuus fuerit, vi-  
vet. Although my flesh be eaten  
with wormes, these wormes turned

to dust, blowne thorow the earth, yet after thou hast turned all to destruction, againe thou sayest, Come againe yet children of men. Therefore, O Death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory? saith Saint Paul.

Hitherto shalt thou come, said Job, but no further: here shall thy proud waves be stayed: *Mors usque ad corpus solum pertinet, ultra non progreditur*: It stands not with Divinitie, nor is it consonant to Reason, that man, for whom all things spring, should not have his spring and rise againe. I see wormes and flies, and other creatures that spend the Winter season in a kinde of death, revive in the Spring; I see my selfe dead every night, and alive in the morning: doubt not therefore of this article of beleefe, of all most comfortable. I know whom I have trusted, saith Saint Paul, and I am assured he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day. *And they shall bee mine*, saith God by the Prophet Malachy,



*Malachy, in that day when I make up my Jewels.*

*Resurgam, said good Bishop King, It is now time to awake, for now is our salvation nearer than when we believed: nor will I feare how this body of mine shall appeare another day. For I am promised by him that wil performe, it shall not be found naked, but this covering of the flesh being cast off, it shall be clothed with glory, as with another garment. The children of the Resurrection dye no more, for they are equall to the Angels. If thy life be hid with Christ in God, then when Christ, which is thy life, shall appeare, thou shalt appeare in glory.*

*The word of assurance is, Redemptor meus, My Father and your Father, saith the Gospell: there is great divinity in these pronounes, Meum & tuum, they are words of assurance to mens soules, though in mens states they are the ground of all Controversies. I know that my Redeemer liveth, but I doe not therefore know this, because I will know*

*it;*

it; For the will cannot invade the understanding. How then doe I know it? not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, sed cernitur*, things are not so, because we are perswaded they are so; but because they be so, therefore we are so perswaded. The woman with child, knowes she is so, when she feels it stirre lively: So the Spirit of God assures our spirit, when we lively feele his Spirit in us.

Holy Job saith, *I though after the skin wormes destroy the body, yet in my flesh I shall see God for my selfe, and mine owne eyes shall behold him, and not anothers.*

Which numerall Identity gives certainty, that this soule of mine impersonated anew, and so inanimating my body againe, shall give a new being, and a better being unto both.

That soule, the lost pearle, which to finde, a man would have given all he had, shall there be found ingraven in a body of gold, whereas here it was poorely set in clay. Hee  
which

which came with his garments red from Buzza, will cloath us in white.

It doth not yet appeare what we shall be, but we know that when Christ shal appeare, we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is, saith Saint Iohn. *Come then yee blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdome prepared for you; and feare not, little flocke, for it is your Fathers pleasure to give you the kingdome. Tarry but a little while,* saith Saint Paul, *and he that shal come will come, and will not tarry.*

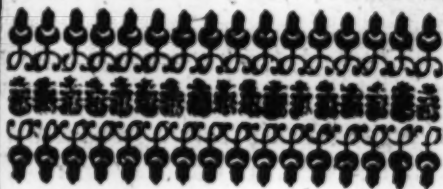
A man, saith Chrysostome, would dwell in this Contemplation, and be loth to come out of it. Nay, saith Saint Augustine, *A man might Age himselfe in it, and sooner grow old, than weary.*

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The

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The fourth generall  
Division.

• P I I I.

*what our last thoughts should be.*



**S**eneeca saith, the last day  
judgeth all the pre-  
cedent, *Ultimum opti-  
mum*: Dying words  
are weightiest, and  
make deepest impressions: yet our  
last thoughts are readiest to spend  
themselves upon somewhat that we  
loved best while we lived. *Jemabel*  
at last was more taken up with see-  
ming faire, than being happie.

*Et tunc quoque versus ad illam, be-  
cause*

cause shee loved her face more than her soule.

The soule it selfe, when it is entering into glory, breathes divine things: At this time a good mans tongue is in his brest, not in his mouth, his words are then so pithy and so pectorall.

Anatomists doe say, there are strings in a mans tongue, which go to his heart; when these breake, man speakes his heart: *Utinam saperent & intelligerent, & novissima providerent*, said *Moses*, when he was dying: Christs last words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly*. Our answer is, Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus, &c.

As in greatest extremities good Physicians leave drugs, and minister only Cordials: so deale by thy soule when death approaches; Lay thee downe and sleepe in peace, cast away all worldly cares, entertaine only thoughts that will animate thy weake body, and refresh thy thirstie soule, as did that dew of *Hermon* falling upon the *Hill of Sion*. When sick-

sicknesse undresses man for death, then *Jobs Scio*, and *Saint Pauls Cuius*, are the words of sweetest comfort.

Man, saith *Jeremy*, puts his mouth at last to the dust, if so be there may be hope. But rely not longer on the Physician : Earthly means were for use, they are not for confidence. God cannot be God, if Nature limit him. Happy is the man whose last day is his best day.

All the while I lived, said a good man, I was going on my journey, *In via*, but not *in patria*; but now that I am dying, I finde my selfe neere home, I am come to mount *Sion*; I will not therefore sit downe on this side *Jordan*, but hasten to the heavenly *Jerusalem*; whither when I come, I shall there see my God face to face, heare my Saviour say, *Euge bone serue, It is my Fathers will to give thee a Kingdome.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for me, but will he give me a Kingdome? and shall not I be glad when  
God

God shall come and fetch me, to  
enthrone me in this Kingdome?

*Absit*: If Christ be gone up to pre-  
pare a place for me, Lord let me be  
prepared for that place; blessed eter-  
nity where art thou, I am seeking  
for thee, and I see thee comming  
towards me? Now me thinkes I  
heare my soule say, *Cum non accedis,*  
*Domine? Quid miraris?*

I have too long dwelt in this Se-  
pulchre of earth, *Vae mihi, quia pro-*  
*longatus est incolatus meus in terra,*  
woe is me that I still remaine in Me-  
sech & dwell in the tents of Kedar:  
It is enough Lord, as *Elias* said in  
the wildernesse; Take now away  
my life, for I am no better than my  
Fathers were. My soule thirsteth  
for thee: When shall I come and  
appeare before thee? Nay, my soule  
is now grown so high minded, that  
shee saith, *Major sum, et ad maiora*  
*genitum, quam ut incipiam in hoc*  
*corporis*: Man is not quiet till he be  
more than man: let his condition  
here civilly be what it will, it will  
not content him. Bare Philosophy  
trade



made such impression in Socrates, That in carcere damnatus egit cum discipulis de corpore, tanquam de alio agastulo, counting the body to be a worse prison to the soule, than that prison was to him.

Plato when he saw one over-indulgent to his body by high feeding it, asked what hee meant to make his prison so strong? When you pamper the flesh, you doe but victuall the enemy.

The body at best is but the living Coffin of the soule, as the grave is the dead Coffin of the body.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; Therefore it is but dutie in man to know the dignitie of his Soule, which is so heavenly ambitious, as it will not let heaven alone, till it may see, as it is seene.

*Gravata est anima mea,* my body is a burthen to my soule, It hath had honour enough to have beene so long companion with it: wherefore

fore now, as Saint Hierome saith,  
*Egredere anima, egredere.*

What dost thou longer here on  
 earth, O thou my heaven-borne  
 Soule?

The Hermit sitting on his turfe,  
 said to his soule, *Sexaginta annos*  
*servivisti Deo, & nunc mori times?*  
 Goe out of this Arke of flesh, O  
 my soule, for I now smell the fa-  
 vour of rest. *Celeritas nunc in deside-*  
*ris mora est.* As Christ said to his  
 Disciples, *Surgite, eamus hinc*: So  
 say to thy Soule; *Surge anima de*  
*mundo, eamus in cælum.*

Though my soule, as a Bird, for  
 necessity sake hath beene faine to  
 stay a while here upon earth, yet  
 willingly wou'd it be soaring in the  
 skie; but I finde that *Ista vita est*  
*mihi impedimento ad id, propter quod*  
*vivitur*: Specially when I heare my  
 Saviour say, *Father, I will that those*  
*whom thou hast given mee, be with mee*  
*where I am, that they may behold my*  
*Glory.* Sybilla before Christ, and  
 Plato since Christ doe both agree,  
 that the union of mans soule with  
 God,

God, is that true felicity which all Philosophy aymes at. Therefore *Desiderio desideravi ergastuli bujus ingressum*, that I may see facie ad faciem him whom my soule loveth, and be, Lord, where thou enjoyest thy selfe, and glorified spirits enjoy thee.

*Ostende mihi Patrem, & sufficit.* Surely saith Saint Augustine in his Meditations, *Domine, creasti nos ob te, nusquam erit cor quietum donec pervenerit ad te.* Blessed are the dead which dye in the Lord, saith Saint Iohn; yea, saith the Spirit, they rest from their labours, and their workes follow them. O thou Source of the Springs of Lebanon, my soule now thirsteth to be with thee; In the twilight betwixt the day of life and night of death.

Entertaine thy last houre with such like thoughts, *Et be tibi dabunt ad eternitatem iter, & in itinere sublevarunt.* They will Angelize thy body, and Emparadise thy soule, before thou comdest into heaven; yeeld a sweetnesse beyond the bitterness of Death.

Cer-

Certainly, a good Soule thus imploying it selfe, in *istâ borâ*, will not leave the felicity it shall have in such an assured transmigration from death to life, for all the joyes that life past did ever render it.

Good Saint *Augustine*, in a high speculation, endeavouring to expresse this heavenly joy, was asked by a grave old man, Father *Augustine*, *Quid agis?* A man may as well draw in all the ayre in the world with a breath, as expresse to the life what thou art now about; not that there is want of words, but want in words to expresse it.

As griefes concealed, so joyes expressed grow greater; wherefore though this ineffable joy cannot be exprest, *Quantus, vel qualis sis*, yet is it *Res generosa conari alio, & mente majora conceipere, quàm quæ effect possunt.*

Therefore this we may doe, some way sample that which no way wee can expresse: *In arduis voluisse sat est*, in some things good purposes supply actions.

Like

Like as a Bird that hath beene  
long encaged, then chants it most  
merrily, when she gets loose into  
the open ayre.

*Nititur in sylvas quaq; redire suas :*

Or as a sicke man, that hath wea-  
rily tossed and turned himselfe in  
his bed all the dull night long, is  
then comforted at the approach of  
the day-breake, when the Sunne-  
beames gild the morning:

Or as a prisoner that feeles his  
chaines heavie upon him, longs for  
releasement.

*Liberaque à ferris crura futura  
velit :*

So will it bee with thy Soule,  
when thou shalt heare thy Saviour  
say, *I am thy salvation : Come unto mee  
thou that art weary and beavie laden,  
and I will refresh thee.*

*Poenitentibus & petentibus pertinet  
Regnum Caelorum :* To them that  
are weary of this durance, and sue  
for deliverance, belongeth the king-  
dome of heaven.

I

Where-

Wherefore as a wearied traveller that hath passed a long journey, though perhaps met with some delights by the way, is then gladdest when he comes within kenning of his Countrey ;

*Natale solum dulcedine cunctos ducit.*

Even so thy soule after many yeares pilgrimage in the wilderness of this wretched world, being come with *Moses* to Mount Nebo, and beholding the pleasant Land of Canaan from the top of Pisgah, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to see the Sunne comming as a Bridegroom out of his chamber.

*Dilectus meus descendit ad hortum suum, ad areolam aromatum.*

Of this joy thy dazeled eyes might have some glimps, while thou wast in health ; but then it was, as the blind-mans vision in the Gospel, to whose first sight men seemed to walke like trees ; but in this thy new state thou shalt see clearly  
men

men and Angels stand before the Lambs Throne, and heare thy selfe invited to the Lambes Supper, where thou shalt bee brought into the Wine-cellar, and love will be the banner over thee. It is the best eloquence to speak to God in the same language he speakes to us.

Come then, O Shunamite, stay mee with Flaggons, and comfort mee with Apples, for I am sicke of love.: Kisse me with the kisses of thy mouth, for thy love is better than wine; Shew mee, O thou whom my soule loveth, where thou feedest, where thou lyeest at noone.

Thus with Salomon in a Canticle, and with David in a Psalm, let be the Raptures of thy Soule, which as in a trance, shall be caught up to heaven, as was Philip by the Spirit, or Ezechiel by the Angell.

And with an Heroicall alacritie tempered with a gracious humility, give up thy soule to God, and bid farewell to the world.

Sing with Deborah, O my soule, thou hast marched valiantly; and say with David, Returne now my soule

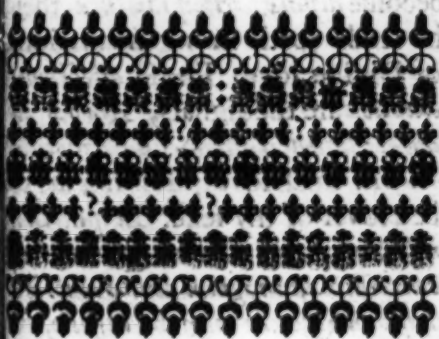
unto thy rest, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.

Dying Saint Steven before his eyes were closed, had a faciaall sight of his Saviour, *Videbat Deum per essentiam*, looked stedfastly into the beaven; and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at the right hand of God. Old Simeon, after hee had seene his Saviour, rejoyced then to say, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seene thy salvation.

*Hoc videam, & moriar: Morior, ut videam.*

The





# THE RAPTURE OF THE SOVLE.

**R**apitur Anima, cum cele-  
stis contemplatur, & con-  
templando juncundatur.

This is a kinde of Arreption  
to Heaven; when a man abstracts  
himselſe from earth, and by Con-  
templation growes into acquain-  
tance with GOD, for then hee

seemes to converse with God, and become *divine particeps natura*, then he sends forth strong emanations of Divine love. Those *affectiones extaticae* are the signals, *Amoris liquidi: liquescit anima, cum devotione calefcit*. Such love suffers not me to be a lover of my selfe. *Et quid istos nisi Seraphins dixerim, quorum est conversum est in ignem divini amoris?* Let him kisse mee with the kisses of his mouth; so begins that *Canticum canticorum: & jucundum quidem eloquium, quod ab osculo sumit principium*. This *fructivus Amor*, by Divine Rapture unites me to God; for In Rapture a man seemes to walk with God, as *Enoch* did; talke with God, as *Moses* did; see God, as *Stephen* did.

And because light increases delight; Therefore Rapture would faine ascend to vision, *Videre illa, non quae videntur, sed quae non videntur*.

But that's a priviledge for Saint Paul; *Vidi dominum*, saith Jacob, *facie ad faciem, & salva facta est anima*

ma mea. Holy Hierom sweares it :  
*Testor Deum, post hebdomadarum je-*  
*jania visus sum mihi versari inter ag-*  
*mina angelorum,* to have private con-  
 versation with quiers of Angels ;  
 The first Christians were ravished  
 with a greater desire of knowledge  
 than of food, sometimes lived three  
 dayes together in contemplation  
 and never eat. *Raptus est supremus*  
*gradus contemplationis,* saith Saint  
*Augustine,* which raises in man tow-  
 ring thoughts, irradiates his soule  
 with high apprehensions ; and so  
 elevates him to God, as it takes him  
 out of himselfe, to live above him-  
 selfe. *Nescio in quam dulcedinem du-*  
*ces me, Domine,* said he in his Rap-  
 ture.

The Soule being thus powerfull-  
 ly attracted by the inducements of  
 so faire and divine delights, Shee  
 on her part corresponds, and with  
 a willing assent glides after these  
 attracts, and as a vapour exhal'd by  
 the Sunne, she goes out of her selfe,  
 and would willingly draw the bo-  
 dy with her, but that substance is

too sad; wherefore shee quits it as  
not agill, nor sprightfull enough  
to soare so high; *O that my Soule  
had wings as a Dove, that I might flye,  
and be at rest, saith David.*

It is an admirable thing to consider that the eye of a man so weak, so tender a peece, should looke up every day to heaven, so wonderfull in height, and yet never be tyred by the way: by this I see that heavenly Contemplation, (which is the best Opticke) if it bee strong enough, and not overclog'd with earthy thoughts, is able to carry us with ease to heavenly extasie.

The will takes pleasure to perceive the understanding (which is the Soules King) taken into Rapture; and when the faculties both of will and understanding doe intercommunicate their ravishments, then are we sweetly brought into divine extasie, in which state man fees nothing of the Humane, but dyes in his life, and lives in his death.

Of this sacred extasie the Seraphicall

phicall Divines make three sorts ; one of understanding, a second of affection, a third of action.

Action is added, because a man is not to be above himselfe in Contemplation, and under himselfe in conversation. The first of the three is, *in splendore* ; the second, *in fervore* ; the third, *in labore* ; the one caused by admiration ; the other by devotion, the last by operation.

In these Raptures, the Fathers, who were stiled Saints, had such a complacency, as they strove to act this as the way of a new life, sometimes before their death, in so much as the votaries would say, *Never was a Saint*, but had extasies, and ravishment of life before his death ; they laboured by a liquefaction of their soules into God, to insoule themselves in God, to put themselves out of the naturall comportment of the body, and so to live in Divine extasie without living in the body.

This made Saint Paul to say, *I knew a man in Christ fourteene yeares*

ago, whether in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.

Some so lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, some with fervencie of spirit were transported into such extasie, that their soules being wholly conversant in divine Contemplation, they cared not to afford common assistance to Nature, and so have dyed through exinanition and want of strength, conceiving there was no use of any creature to them, that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus did love performe the office of Death; *Love is as strong as Death*, saith Salomon; nay, with them it wrought more than Death could doe: for Death only performeth by effect, that which Love operateth by affection; Death did but separate their bodies from their soules; but Love separated their soules from their bodies living.

In such a trance they report Saint Basil to say, *That Jacob, when he had fast bold on God, let him goe for a blessing:*

sing : But the *Shunamite*, *My soule*  
will not let thee goe so; For shee now  
seekes no more Benedictions of  
God, but to enjoy the God of Be-  
nedictions.

Saint *Hierome* to say; *O my Savi-*  
*our*, diddest thou dye of love for mee? A  
love more dolorous than death, but to me  
a death more lovely than love it selfe! I  
cannot live, love thee, and be longer from  
thee.

When *Severinus*, the Indian Saint,  
was recovering from dying, it is  
reported he was heard to say, *O my*  
*God*, doe not for pitie, so over-joy me; if  
I must still live and have such consolations,  
take me to heaven. For bee that  
hath once tasted this and thy sweetnesse,  
must necessarily live afterwards in bit-  
ternesse.

This is the state of loves life in  
God, which giveth a super-hu-  
mane being unto man, man being  
yet on earth.

This ardent love engrafting me  
into God by her uniting vertue,  
makes me now to say, *Vivo ego, sed*  
*non ego, vivit verò in me Christus. M*

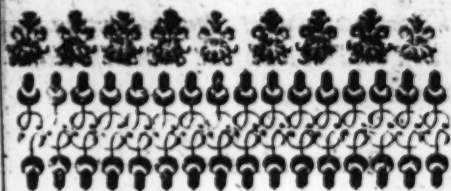
life is bid in Christ with God. And  
 now me thinkes I see him face to  
 face, *Visione illâ beatificâ, & jugiter  
 revelatâ facie, Sponsi gloriam speculân-  
 do, transformatur animus de claritate in  
 claritatem: Audet & ipsa loqui,*

*Tota pulchra es amica mea.*

Who is this that cometh from E-  
 dom, with red garments from Bazarab.  
 I now behold the day spring from on  
 high come to visit mee. Say then to the  
 North, Give; and to the South, Re-  
 store; And so come Lord Jesus, come  
 quick'y.

MORTIS





MORTIS EPILOGUS.

**Q**uoniam mors me quotidie expe-  
ctat, ego mortem quotidie expe-  
ctabo.

But before thou goest hence,  
consider well these four things :

- 1 Unde venis.
- 2 Quo vadis.
- 3 Quid es.
- 4 Quid eris.

Upon enquiry *unde venio*, I am  
told, *Peccatores peccatorem me in pec-*  
*cato genuerunt.*

*Miseri miserum me in hanc lucis*  
*miseriam induxerunt.*

Conceptus

Conceptus culpa, Nasci miseria,  
 Vivere poena, mors angustia; Et quan-  
 tō est vita mea longior, tantō est culpa  
 mea numerosior.

This makes me thinke,

*Quorsum commodata est mihi vita  
 humana?*

For this onely,

*Ad comparandam vitam cœlestem :  
 Et hoc vult divina clementia,  
 Quòd vita mea sit brevior,  
 Ut labor meus sit levior.*

For



For my *Quò vado.*

**I**T is lifes *Posse, Vadere*, to fade  
and decay.

*Vado* tels me, I am in *transitu*,  
But it rejoycerh me to thinke,

*Eo ad Patres.*

And this hope comforts,

*Sepelieris in atate bonâ.*

Therefore *nec me tadet vivere, nec ti-*  
*meo mori:*

*Mihi enim mors servit in solatium*  
*vita,*

*Vitam habeo in patientiâ,*

*Mortem verò in desiderio.*

*Plangam ergo paulatim dolorem meum,*

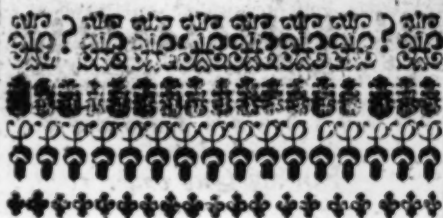
*Et tunc*

*Oblitus exiliû, ibo ad patriam:*

*Nam*

*Mortuâ morte revertitur mihi vita.*

To



To expresse, *Quid sum.*

**Q***uis fando explicare queat ?*

*Pulvis & Aer, this I know ;*

*Et in pulverem reverteris. This is sure.*

*That homo is morbidum, putre, cas-*  
*sum :*

*Et in non hominem vertitur omnis*  
*homo.*

*This every man findes.*

*Our mettall is, de humore liqui-*  
*do,*

*And the mould no better, In*  
*utero impura.*

*Dam -*

*Damnatus antequàm natus*, that's  
our condition.

Our best Stocke is, *Semen A-*  
*braba*;

*Dicens putredini* ; *Thou art my*  
*Mother*,

And to the Wormes, *You are my*  
*Brethren*.

Here is our great kindred.

Our dwelling is, *Inter pulices &*  
*culicis*, amongst Flies and Fleas.

Our quality vile, our weight  
lighter than vanity, our worth no-  
thing.

What then is our being?

*Somnium & dolor*.

If so,

*Si natus sum plorans,*

*Si morior plangens,*

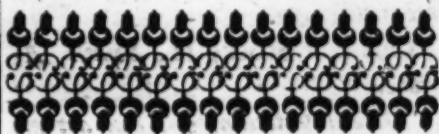
*Nolo ego vivere ridens :*

*Hoc tantum volo,*

*Animam meam ornare, qua Deo &*  
*Angelis*

*Mox presentanda est in cœlis.*

Now



Now for *Quid eris.*

This also I know.

*Quod sum, & me non esse scio.*

*Sed id esse & nosse desidero.*

*Nam videre Deum, vivere cum Deo,*

*Esse in Deo, & habere Deum,*

*Hoc est aeterna securitas, & securitas aeterna.*

This may be admired, hardly understood:

Yet better understood, than can be expressed.

Therefore to my soule I say not,

*O Animula, blandula, vagula: but,*

*O Anima Dei insignita imagine,*

*Decorata similitudine,*

*Desponsata Fide,*

*Redempta Sanguine,*

*Dotata Spiritu,*

*Deputata cum Angelis,*

*Quid tibi cum Carne?*

But

But to contemplate,

*Quanta claritas, quanta suavitas,  
quanta jucunditas maneat me in il-  
la visione, cum facie ad faciem vi-  
debo Christum?*

*O Lord bear my words, consider  
my Meditations, Psal. 5.*

FINIS.

THE

OF THE

FINIS



with what art thou? thy heart  
gastly, & thy appearance full  
of horror: & why all this, if  
I know thee, we should not fear  
thee, thou art but an empty  
skeleton <sup>it would make the form</sup> in thy picture, nothing  
in thy self, the power <sup>it</sup> we  
attribute to thee, is nothing but  
ye weakness of it in our selves  
this our tendency to dissolution  
is but ye affect of decay, & of  
& though it be a necessary con-  
=sequence of nature, ye strong  
it is taken away by grace, & so  
though Adam sin cry aloud, &  
Death hath stop'd its mouth, &  
now Death how calmly hear I  
Discourse with Thee, with how  
much reposement can I behold  
thee, with how great earnestness  
can I desire thee, was there  
Court thee, & now thou art

... of my heart, my  
... how greatly is  
thy absence, how full of horror  
... of thee? Come come  
... Companion, my Delight,  
if thou beest weak, & canst not  
... nor strike, I'll weaken  
my self to strengthen thee:  
... pity thy empty Holes:  
... take I pray thee this  
... of mine to clothe thee,  
I can spare it well: Take those  
... of mine & fill those empty  
holes, should I see thee better with  
them, I better without them,  
they do but darken & distract  
... faculty of my soule  
they but report or direct  
... Divine Rays; y<sup>e</sup> y<sup>d</sup>  
... of Righteousness Daily.

into my soul: take these  
Leggs of mine thoult walk  
ye better, thin are weak  
without flesh or sinews, they  
Doe but stand in my way in  
pull to heauen, or at least  
lead mee out of ye way,  
take them from mee & I shall  
fly aloft, unfettered, & unclod  
may I can spare thee my hand  
too, ~~they are much of the~~  
purpose, Ie have one shou  
bee of a more Refracted matter  
more soft then Angelly plume  
one y<sup>t</sup> shoud receive impression  
from ye least whisper of my  
Loues Spirit, & shoud incline  
at ye least motion of his with  
take take mee with, by taking  
from my selfe, thoult render  
to my selfe, Kill mee & I shall

Happy Hee whose Death is Life  
whose Life is Death unto him!

